The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Named real homespuns, tweeds; lengths; patterns.—Jones (member), 96, Salop Street, Dudley.

Dress Wellingtons, size 7½, little worn, with spurs and boxes, 21s. Henderson's riding boots, brown; very good condition, 15s.—Joseph Patterson, Woodville, Farnham, Surrey.

Mackintosh, in splendid condition, cost 2 guineas, take 10s. for quick sale; fit man 5ft. 9in.; genuine bargain.—Box 4503, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Autumn wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved. —C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sportsmen.—Share in S.P. job, long price. Animal 13 stamps.—East Lodge, Hambrook, Emsworth, Hants.

"Clease Extensor Apparatus" and charts, little used; in perfect condition; cost £3 3s., accept £1 1s., or nearest offer.—Box 4500, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"Art of Luck" makes anyone lucky. "Answers" devoted column to this remarkable book. Send 1s. 2d. and test it. —Talisman Co. (Dept. 52), Harrogate.

Footballers. Write for wholesale jersey and football free price-lists. — Ross's, Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Sandow's spring-grip dumb-bells, 8s. 6d., cost 12s. 6d.; ½in. electric spark coil, 5s., cost 12s. 6d.; 4-volt Samson accumulator, 8s., cost 14s. 6d.; 50 numbers "Modern Man," 1s. 6d.; genuine bargains.—Box 4504, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, full-size bagatelle board, with all accessories; must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 4976, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Unique height-increasing exercises 1s. per set.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

Lillywhite's horse for the Cambridgeshire, which stood at 100 to 1, now stands at 33's. If you want to be on a really good thing, remit at once 1s. and stamped addressed envelope; don't delay. Cesarewitch just as good as above on same terms.—Care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

EDUCATIONAL.

Cheap books (written by experts). — "Boxing," 4d.; "Wrestling," 4d.; "Conjuring," 4d.; "Ventriloquism," 4d. Lot 1s., post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Two young men, brothers, 26 and 24, clerks, in fairly good positions, wish to correspond with reader in Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, as to prospects. Would be useful either as Clerks or in the general work of a Brewery, Wine or Preserve Business, or in any Produce Factory with good prospects. Athletes, keen sportsmen, healthy. Good references from native place.—Box 4502, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Lucrative appointment offered to man able to interview farmers and others; many representatives earn big money; attractive scheme much appreciated.—Mutual Society, 27, The Temple, Liverpool.

Young fellow, 21, capable and honest, desires situation, traveller preferred.—Box 4992, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 115.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out. — Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Systems that win. Book of 75 clever methods. £1,600 won on level stakes. "How Professionals Win," "Racing as a Business," &c.—Write Captain Warwick, 11, Brighton Street, Manchester.

MEDICAL, &c.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s. —Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day. — Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark St., London, S.E.

Save dentists' bills! Have a healthy mouth. Booklet giving best advice and valuable prescriptions, P.O. 7d.—Box 4935, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Marvellous Scientific Discovery—"SUNBRONZE." Gives handsome sunburnt appearance, detection impossible; absolutely genuine; 1s.—Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One-string violin, with leatherette case, good as new; cost £2, accept nearest offer.—Box 4501, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Fine pair of horns for sale, beautifully mounted on large shield; rare specimen. What offers? Exchange anything useful. —Box 4985, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion; post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 2d. —Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Dog kennel wanted, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 4990, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birthdate and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. All Goods on Approval. Astounding Value.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lenses; magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, great focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London); absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Greek head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D. — Gent.'s superior quality £4 15s. tailor-made Imperial Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped), solid links; filled, curb pattern; £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

IAL OFFICES :—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

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E TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

ropos of that knighthood, what did Sir G. R. Ask-

* * *

oatered Aristocrats.—No. I. :—The Earl of Yarmouth.

* * *

an instructive article on " What To Do With the End e Summer," a writer says that " the pretty, quiet ments of the voles slipping along the bank, or ap- ng and disappearing in their tunnels " are a recreation e and mind. Personally these voles would give me the

* * *

garding his forthcoming book, Mr. " Jimmy " r says " The anecdotes may be ' small beer.' " I they will be mild, not bitter, with a p'int for each of

* * *

ople Who Capture the Dough-Nut.—No. 1:—The ily Mail " sub-editor who headed a paragraph " Race ween Man and Horse," and then went on to explain the " horse " was a trotting mare called Kathleen.

* * *

o, Cuthbert, that newspaper headline, " Friendly ty Revolt," had nothing to do with any amicable tea- t in Mayfair.

* * *

Sharp Football Clubs.—No. 1:—The 'Spurs, who gained int at Roker Park on Saturday week.

* * *

After the Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette fight in New , one of the fiercest contests of late years, each man ght have been heard to remark that the other's " punch " too much " spirit " in it.

* * *

The " Star " tells us that " Betel chewing is universal ong the Siamese women." Bill Blimy writes to say that wishes his missus would take to betel-nut, too, instead chewing the rag so much.

* * *

When Mr. Joseph Coyne goes into business five years on now, he'll have had time to get over his Coy-ness by

* * *

MONEY'S MOTTO.

When people say that money talks
A fact they can't deny
Is this:—that money mostly says
Those tragic words " Good-bye! "

* * *

Says Vedrines, the aviator, " Success, after all, is only ace with a better motor and a new chassis." A good screw " goes without saying.

* * *

A new item in the Coliseum bill is " Yuma." I have seen it, so I am curious to know whether it is a tragic Yuma-rous turn.

J. S. Cox.

USEFUL FOOTBALL FEINTS.

In football, as in everything else, there is great scope for invention and originality, and no department of the game bears this out more than " feinting passes." But in each case the illusion must be perfect. Unless the feint is well " acted," it is useless.

One of the most difficult but paying feints is to pretend to pass with one foot and actually to do it with the other.

The entire action of the body should be cunningly made to suggest a pass, say, to the left with the right foot; but just as your adversary jumps to intercept it, you should pull yourself together like lightning and tip the ball to the right with your left foot.

Johnny Dick is very smart in pretending to pass and then not doing it at all.

He will gaze with an anxious expression, which any professional actor might envy, all round him as if cogitating as to which man to pass to, and then his every movement will point to a pass to the left.

So the eager tackler dashes to that side, whereupon Johnny, who has only just touched the ball, retains it with a quick movement of the other foot, and dribbles triumphantly *behind* the back of his discomfited opponent.

GUARDING OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Spies are very much in the public mind just now, and a brief account of the precautions taken to safeguard our military magazines may be of interest.

Officers of the army and navy when in uniform, and non-commissioned officers of the army and navy, may be admitted without passes to military works, except position-finding cells, torpedo buildings, magazines, and store-houses.

Admission to these latter places or to ordinary military works for civilians is to be had only by pass.

There are five kinds of passes—namely, special, district, visitor's, works, trading.

The special pass is the open sesame to works of a secret nature, such as position-finding cells, and is issued by the adjutant general only.

The district pass is for use by officers and men of the engineer services, and is used by officers and soldiers not in uniform or on duty.

A visitor's pass is not issued to anyone not being a British subject, without the sanction of the Army Council.

If a foreigner is granted a visitor's pass, he must be accompanied by an officer, and in no case does a visitor's pass admit to position-finding cells, torpedo buildings, magazines, or storehouses.

The works pass is issued to authorised workmen, while the trading pass admits authorised tradesmen to the residential parts of military works only.

GETTING WET THROUGH.

The secret of getting wet through without taking harm, as most men who go in for field sports must at some time or other, is really very simple.

It consists of wearing nothing but woollen clothing, and in keeping moving until dry.

There is no danger in permitting wet woollen things to dry upon the person. It is, in fact, better to let them do so, than to change into dry but cold things without at the same time being able to get a hot bath and subsequently to rest.

Changing hurriedly, without even the opportunity of getting a good rub down with a bath-towel, and then travelling home long distances by road or rail, is a fruitful cause of chills.

It is uncomfortable but not dangerous to get one's feet wet.

Where this is certain to occur—as in otter-hunting, angling, beagling, and shooting—it is best to have eyelet holes in the back of the shoes or boots worn, just above the heels, so that the water that cannot be kept out—there is no such thing as a permanently waterproof boot—may run out as quickly as it gets in.

If the stockings be thick and of wool, no harm will result.

When the sportsman reaches home, he should never sit about in wet things. Let him go and bathe and change at once, and he will be in no danger of catching cold as the result of his exposure to wet.

Tracing your Ancestry

FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS A PEDIGREE.

The ambition to be able to trace one's pedigree into the remote past appears to be a natural one. Certainly it has been shared by the nations of all the ages.

The Greek swells always managed to prove, to their own satisfaction at least, that they were descended from Helen or Zeus. The Roman nobles blamed Aeneas for having started their family. The Englishman of to-day does his best to show that his ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or goes one better and says that they were here before the Conqueror came.

The Lowland Scot is in the seventh heaven if he can trace ancestry to Robert Bruce or William Wallace, but the Highlander has loftier ambitions. Someone once told a MacLeod that he could trace his descent to Noah. "That's nothing," said the Highlander; "the MacLeod had a boat of his own."

FICTITIOUS PEDIGREES.

Nine out of every ten pedigrees are purely fictitious, but they do no harm and please their possessors. Professor Freeman has shown that English pedigrees dating back to the eleventh century are not only false but impossible.

The man, therefore, who is branded with a trade name, such as Smith, can set about finding a pedigree for himself with every confidence that it will be just as good as the majority of existing ones.

Registers of births, deaths, and marriages, are of the highest utility, but they cannot be relied upon to carry you back further than 1836, when the present system of national registration was establishel.

Before that date registers were kept by the clergymen of some parishes, and by Jews, Quakers, and certain other communities. These registers do not possess the accuracy of the official ones, but they are very useful to the pedigree hunter. The inscriptions on tombstones are also of service.

CONSULTING SOME OLD FRIEND.

The difficulty, in many cases, is to get back beyond the fourth generation from the present time. The average man knows where his great-grandfathers lived, but he knows nothing of these gentlemen's fathers. Sometimes an aged friend of the family, or an old resident in the district, can supply the information and thus put you on the right track.

The great thing is to find your connection with some noble family. Whatever may be your name or your station in life, it is practically certain that you have in your veins some drop of what is called "blue blood."

Remember that you have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and so on. The number of your ancestors back to the time of, say, the Conquest, must number several thousands, and amongst these thousands it is almost a certainty that one was a man or woman of title.

If the "blue blood" occurred very far back, it is difficult to trace it, but if it came into the family within the past six or eight generations, it can usually be traced.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

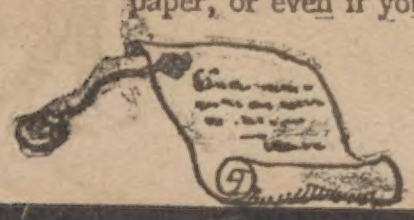
Having once proved your connection with a noble family, your pedigree from there backwards will be the same as theirs.

As for armorial bearings, most of those which one sees on notepaper and carriages are modern inventions, and very often incorrect from the view-point of heraldry.

Armorial bearings were originally designed to distinguish knights in armour, who all looked the same; and, therefore required a distinctive mark. So they painted on their shields some emblem by which they might be known. There was nothing magical or divine about the emblem; they simply hit upon it because it was something that they liked; and any man who cares to follow their example, is at perfect liberty to do so.

Anyone can use armorial bearings, provided he pays a licence, which costs a guinea a year. It is necessary to pay this licence if you use armorial bearings on your notepaper, or even if you have them engraved on a signet ring.

D. E. SIMPSON.



WELLS ON THE EARL'S COURT EPISODE.

"BILLY" EXPRESSES HIS OPINION OF "OLD WOMANISM."

The quick "flock-flock" of padded fists in rapid succession coming into contact with firm, hard muscle; a regular "pad, pad" of boxing boots on the boards of the ring, and two strong youngsters, one fair and tall, the other dark and shorter in build, exchanging hard but perfectly amicable punishment. They were Bombardier Wells and Herbert Roe, the heavyweight boxing champions of England and France respectively, having a go at one another at Earl's Court, on the day on which that institution had received a warning from the L.C.C. regarding the fight between Johnson and Wells.

After the spar between "Billy" and Roe, in which the Frenchman, plucky and quite clever though he was, was hardly a match for Wells's superior science, greater power, and longer reach, the writer obtained an interview with the Bombardier on the subject of the L.C.C.'s action.

CRITICS WHO HAVE NOT SEEN.

"Well, it's like this, you see," said Bombardier Wells. "Every sport—and boxing most of all—has to contend with a lot of 'old womanism,' if I may call it so, from people who know nothing of sport. They have, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, never seen a boxing contest. If you asked them if they had done so, they would reply with a sort of shudder, 'Oh, nothing would induce me to witness such an exhibition of brutality!'

"And these, forsooth," went on England's heavyweight champion, "are the people who arrogate to hope rather scornfully, "are the people who arrogate to themselves the right to cry down one of the manliest of sports, one which, above all others, will raise the courage, the endurance—aye, and the *civilisation* of the country.

Boxing does not seem to have done much harm to the big, good-tempered youngster, anyhow, and it was suggested to him that he looked none the worse for the many "mills" which he has gone through.

THE BETTER FOR IT.

"I am not desirous of putting my own case too [illegible] forward," Wells continued, modestly, "but, still, look at me. I have fought several hard fights during the last [illegible] years, meeting the cream of British heavyweights. And now, I ask you, *what harm has it done me?* None! I am fifty times the better man for it!"

The fact that professional boxers had been adversely criticised in certain quarters was mentioned to him, and brought this reply:—

"A boxer, above all people, has to lead a clean life. If he is to reach the front rank, and stop in it once he has got there, he must be as good a man, in every sense of the word, as anyone in any other walk of life. He may smoke and drink, but these only in the strictest moderation. Personally I indulge in neither. He must have no vices. In short, moderation and restraint must be the keynote of his life. That is what boxing does for a man physically, and I defy anybody to find fault with such a result. Now, I want to point out the *moral* effect of boxing.

BOXING AND GENTLENESS.

"It has never yet been disputed, except by the ignorant who have no business to express an opinion, that the best a man can box the gentler he is in private life. You can take it from me that the first-class fighting-man is as [illegible] a *gentleman* as any in the land. The more redoubtable he is with his fists the more reluctant he will be to make use of them outside the ring. This is solemn truth. More than once a great boxer has taken a mild hiding from a weaker man, whom he *could* have killed, for fear that otherwise he might have done him too much harm!

"I do not deny," said "Billy" Wells, "that the methods of the Prize Ring might have been a trifle [illegible] blooded for the more squeamish modern idea—but, as you all know, boxing, nowadays, with padded gloves is quite different.

"England is a country of sportsmen, who recognise boxing as the manliest and cleanest of sports; and for an insignificant proportion of old women to try and bar [illegible] contests is as futile as was the famous Mother Partington when she tried to sweep back the sea with her broom!"

THE CRY OF THE SHOP ASSISTANT.

THE MAN FROM WHOM THE MULTIPLE-SHOP FIRMS GRIND THEIR PROFITS.

Shop assistants of all trades have their grievances. They are underpaid, subject to oppressive fines, and work long hours. They have little recreation, and their life is not very far short of slavery.

Take the grocer, for instance. His life is typical of that of shop assistants of all grades.

When I commenced my apprenticeship, some years ago now, one had to serve five years before becoming a fully-fledged journeyman grocer. The wages were for each of the five years, 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., and 9s.

Imagine the life of a young man of twenty earning 9s. per week!

At the present time many employers have reduced the apprenticeship limit to three years, which has its advantages and disadvantages. One of the principal disadvantages is the flooding of the market with youths of eighteen, too young to claim a journeyman's wage, who take the place of men of riper years, as improvers, at wages varying from 12s. to 18s. per week.

WAGES AND EXPENSES.

In large establishments in our cities the wages are: Head provision hand 30s., second hand 25s. down to 21s. In the grocery department: first hand 25s., second hand 23s. down to 16s.

These are average wages, many assistants receiving short of the above. When you take into account that many are married men, with families, who have to live in respectable localities, dress well, and wear white shirts, clean white aprons, and collars, they are considerably worse off than the mechanic.

The mechanic is able to live as he likes, and his clothes cost less, as he is able to wear them much longer. When the grocer's clothes are becoming shabby he must discard them, as his employer will have none but well-dressed men. His laundry bill is no light matter. A clean apron each day means six for the week. Add to this his daily white clean collar and three white linen shirts each week.

FINES AND "LIVING IN."

The grocer is exempt from fines. Not so the draper. In many large drapery establishments a table of fines, covering a multitude of so-called offences, is fixed in a prominent place, it being the duty of the shopwalker to note these misdemeanours. Many assistants find their meagre wages considerably reduced when pay day comes.

In many of these huge drapery emporiums the assistants are obliged to "live in," that is, to stay either on the premises or in a boarding-house run by the firm.

Many of these places are a standing disgrace to civilisation. In place of butter the cheapest margarine is used. Meat is usually of the frozen variety. Tea is simply a name for a concoction resembling dishwater. If you find fault, you are told the world is open to you and that you are not obliged to stay.

I have worked for different firms in the grocery trade, and the hours vary according to the class of trade done. If it is a high-class trade the hours are shorter. In a working-class locality the usual hours are Monday, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Tuesday, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.; Wednesday, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Thursday, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Friday, 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturday, 8 a.m. to midnight.

SIXTY-THREE HOURS A WEEK.

The half-day holiday differs according to town or city, but it is usually on Wednesday or Thursday. You get the usual bank holidays, and, if lucky, a week's holiday each year, and your wages paid.

Meal hours are usually one hour for dinner and from half an hour to threequarters for tea. Roughly, your working hours average sixty-three per week, sometimes more, seldom less.

Readers must take into consideration the fact that, though a large shop may close at 11 p.m. on a Saturday night, the customers inside have to be supplied, the provision window stripped, provisions sheeted down, and counters and slabs scrubbed, and it is very rarely short of midnight till the weary assistants have finished their work.

Saturday is considered one of the hardest working days for a firm who do the most of their business over the counter, you are kept serving at express speed practically the whole of the time. In many shops you are unable to get away to dinner till 2 p.m., when you wolf it down and return as quickly as possible. The full hour is not allowed on such occasions.

When the closing hour draws near, you feel fit to drop. When the shop is closed you are glad to find a seat on an upturned box, and are too tired to converse with your brother assistants, who are anxiously eyeing the pay-box, like yourself, done up, and eager to get to bed.

Wages received, you file out into the cool night air, which revives you somewhat, and make your way home to supper and bed, sleepily wondering if life is worth living under the circumstances.

ASSISTANTS IN COUNTRY SHOPS.

I have portrayed the life of a city shop assistant. I will now endeavour to do the same on behalf of assistants in rural towns.

Wages are not so good in the country. The assistant in a rural town "serves through." To explain this to the uninitiated: In cities, when applying for a berth, you must state what your speciality is, provision hand or grocery hand, but in the country you are a general hand, that is, you serve in both departments.

The average wage for a head counterman is 25s. The majority of other hands average 21s.

The country assistant, though receiving less wages than his brother in the city, has less rent to pay if he is a married man, and also enjoys many other advantages, but he is still a much under-paid servant.

NO SCARCITY OF FRESH VICTIMS.

There is no dearth of applicants for apprenticeship to the trade, more's the pity. The reason, no doubt, in many cases, being that the father, being a mill-worker or a mechanic, foolishly thinks his son is making a step upwards by adopting a "cleaner trade" than his own. The cuff and collar has its attractions for the youth, but he quickly finds by experience that all is not gold that glitters.

The one-man shop is doomed. The youth who serves his apprenticeship to the trade with the thoughts of some time in the future being the proprietor of a prosperous shop had better put on his considering cap and weigh the pros and cons of the situation. Large firms, with their many branches, are rapidly extending over the whole country. Wherever one of these firms opens out you will find several one-man shops putting up their shutters.

The reason is plain. These big firms buy for cash, sell for cash, and, therefore, have few losses and no bad debts. They are able to buy in the cheapest market, direct from the manufacturer, in such huge quantities that their discounts are almost sufficient to satisfy them as profits.

MANAGERS AND MEN.

Their manager seldom receives more than 30s. a week, with a percentage of the profits on the shop in his charge. If a manager is not able to show a profit, he is discharged.

These managers have power to engage their own assistants. It is to their interest to grind down wages, to keep down working expenses. In this way they satisfy the firm.

In many firms a limit is fixed. Wages, which come under the heading of working expenses, must not exceed a certain percentage of the turnover. Many men who at one time had a business of their own, have had to seek work from the firms who closed them down. These firms are the sweaters, making their profits from overworking and underpaying their shop assistants, who have to knock life out to keep life in.

J. R.

FISTING-OUT.

There is only one thing for a goalkeeper to do when the ball is coming high or when the forwards are so close that there is no time to catch and kick it. This is to fist out. Despite the name, however, the ball is not actually struck with the knuckles, as some people suppose. The part of the hand that actually meets the ball is the ball of the thumb and the joint of the wrist.

Wherever possible, use both hands, so as to lessen the risk of the leather curling into the net.

The Mug

A TALE OF THE CITY.

By RADCLIFFE MARTIN.

There was a crowd waiting outside the offices of the International Stockbroking Syndicate, and it was with some difficulty that Mr. Baird and Mr. Cartwright, who constituted the Syndicate, could push their way through. When they were safely in the private office Mr. Baird shook his head.

"I don't know whether we did right to advertise, Cartwright," he said. "These beastly crowds draw a little too much attention to us. They'll want the police to regulate them soon."

"What was there to do?" the other inquired. "I don't suppose you'd trust a man I recommended, and I'm sure I shouldn't trust a man you recommended."

Baird grinned broadly.

"Well, there's nothing like frankness between partners. Let's have 'em in. We can soon clear the lot. Now, mind, Cartwright, we just want someone who'll work like a horse for thirty bob a week and see nothing. We don't want a smart young chap like that young Goodall. I never knew anything like his cheek in hooking the customers' cheques and then saying it didn't matter to them whether he got their money or we got it. They ought to teach common honesty in the day-schools nowadays; then we could get a reliable staff. Remember, what we want is an industrious mug. That's the ticket for us."

One by one the applicants were interviewed. One by one they departed. Those who appeared to be competent seemed to be a little too sharp to be trusted in the business, and the remainder seemed to be too feeble to be trusted with the supervision of an office.

"Half these beggars would be trying to blackmail us in a week, or would be off to the police," said Baird. "Who's the next on the list. Call out for Mr. Platt."

A smug-looking, spectacled youth trotted eagerly into the private office. Mr. Baird, who was an excellent judge of character, winked at his partner.

"Good morning, Mr. Platt," he said to the young man, who stood bowing obsequiously to the heads of the firm. "Kindly take a seat."

"I am obliged to you, sir," replied Mr. Platt, seating himself with humble precision in the very centre of a stool and carefully pulling up his trousers so that they would not crease.

"I gather from your testimonials, Mr. Platt, that you are experienced and industrious."

"Yes, sir," said the young man eagerly.

"Now we want someone who can take entire charge of the staff and keep them up to their work."

The staff consisted of three office boys, who were kept busy sending out circulars.

"I hope, sir, I shall prove competent for the post," said the smug young man.

"To a worker whom we could trust—to one who would work just as assiduously when his employers were away as when they were present—this office affords a great opportunity."

"It is opportunity that I want, sir. I want scope to rise in the world," said Mr. Platt.

"That's the spirit I like," replied Mr. Baird. "Now, to give an active, intelligent young man like yourself opportunity, I should prefer to pay you a comparatively small salary, with a bonus at Christmas, according to the profits made and any reductions you can effect in the office expenses. For instance, let us suppose that you have a nominal salary—a retaining fee—of twenty-five shillings a week. That, in itself, of course, is nothing; but when you add five per cent. of the net profits of the firm at Christmas, it would be a very different thing."

"It would, sir," said Mr. Platt, rapturously.

"Your nominal hours, Mr. Platt, would be from 9.30 to 5, but if business presses I should not wish you to confine yourself strictly to them. You will, of course, remember that every hour you work will increase your bonus at Christmas."

Mr. Platt looked a trifle sad.

"If you will excuse me, sir, it would be rather difficult for me to stay after seven o'clock on Tuesday and Friday evenings. I have classes at the Polytechnic those nights in German and commercial law."

"I forbid you to stay here ..." said Mr. Baird emphatically. "I ... to encourage that sort of thing. It is our lack of higher commercial education that makes us feel German competition so keenly. On other evenings, however, and on Saturday, you will use your discretion about staying late.

"Then, Mr. Platt, we shall expect you to be reticent about our business. I hate a talker, and I don't want our business secrets broadcasted for the benefit of competitors."

"I hope you can trust me on that point, sir? I should regard myself as bound in honour never to speak of your concerns."

"That will do, I think, Mr. Platt. We shall expect you at 9.30 prompt on Monday morning. As you go out, tell the office-boy to inform the applicants waiting that the vacancy is filled."

Mr. Baird and Mr. Cartwright grinned at each other when the gratified Platt had closed the door.

"He might have been created specially for us, Cartwright," said Baird.

"Looks thundering respectable. He'll give confidence to any complaining customers who call. That was a good touch of yours offering him only twenty-five shillings and a bonus at Christmas."

"It was genius, old man; that's what it was. It saves us five shillings a week, and it looks so well. We must keep him from knowing that we've only taken these premises for three months. No, we can't keep the hall porter from talking. I'll tell Platt in strict confidence that we are contemplating taking larger premises in Lombard Street."

"It would be a good thing to let him sign letters on behalf of the firm in a week or so. You see, if we had to bolt—and there are more unlikely things—it would be a great advantage for the police to have some one to pounce on. If they can run one person in, it contents the public and lessens the pursuit after the others."

Mr. Platt soon settled down to work, and his industry was almost ferocious. Very soon he dispensed with the services of one of the office-boys, and explained that by proper organisation he could make two do the work of three.

Now at this particular moment, Messrs. Baird and Cartwright happened to be running a blind pool in American Rails. An innocent public was invited to deposit its money with the Syndicate and earn a modest hundred per cent. in a fortnight.

The whole procedure of the business was simple enough. Mr. Baird opened the letters under the close supervision of Mr. Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright made out a list of the cheques under the close supervision of Mr. Baird.

Then the customers were divided into two sections.

There was the large section, who were supposed to have subscribed for Pool A. These received a circular after a fortnight stating that the Syndicate regretted to announce that, owing to an unexpected and unprecedented collapse in American Rails their capital was exhausted.

Then a few customers—clergymen and magistrates mainly, whose names would look well in testimonial lists—were put down as subscribers to Pool B. These subscribers had their money returned to them in a fortnight with fifty per cent. interest, and a note apologising for the smallness of the profit, and explaining that the Syndicate expected their next pool to prove a really profitable business.

When the subscribers to Pool B came a second time they were promptly turned into Pool A subscribers. Except in the case of titled people, who would allow their names to be used as references, no one was allowed to win twice.

Mr. Baird watched his new employee for a month with intense interest. At last he said to his partner, "Now is the time to go for the gloves. First of all we'll authorise Platt to sign cheques for the firm. That will make him really responsible."

"That's dangerous," said Cartwright.

"You noodle—we'll take good care that there's never five pounds standing to the firm's credit. Now, we'll have an 'ad.' for our next deal, which will bring in every mug in England. We'll sink every penny we have in

advertising, and every advertisement will have at the foot of it 'International Stockbroking Syndicate.—W. Platt, Manager.' We'll draw in all the money that comes for a week and then skip. When the police move, and they're bound to take some action sooner or later, they'll pounce on our friend Platt."

"It'll do him good," commented Mr. Cartwright. "He needs more experience of life."

"He'll get it, then. Come, let's set to work and make a good pulling advertisement. What a pity these advertising agents all want paying in advance. If it wasn't for their beastly suspicious feelings we'd make a clean sweep without any expense."

The new advertisement of the International Stockbroking Syndicate was indeed a glowing one. It mentioned the profit on its last pool—a paltry fifty per cent.—and gave lists of clergymen and magistrates who could confirm the statement. Then the International Stockbroking Syndicate proceeded to say that, while it could not promise the extravagant profits guaranteed by unscrupulous bucket-shop-keepers (none of whom could produce testimonials from gratified customers of repute), yet the manager, Mr. W. Platt, pledged his word that the profits from the coming pool would not fall below three hundred per cent.

"That'll do," said Mr. Baird. "We'll have it in all the papers on Friday and Saturday. That's the right time to put it in. You see, the people 'll think it over in church on Sunday morning when they've nothing else to trouble their minds, and the cheques 'll start popping in on Monday morning."

"How will Platt like his name in the 'ad.?'" inquired Mr. Cartwright.

"I've put it to him that we intend to make him more prominent in the business, with a view ultimately to make him a partner. He positively strutted out of the office."

Now, on the Friday evening Mr. Baird and Mr. Cartwright went over to Ostend. There was a race meeting on the Sunday which they wished to see. A shady friend of Mr. Cartwright's, who was supposed to be friendly with an even shadier jockey, had put him on to a good thing. Even bucket-shop proprietors are credulous in some respects, and Mr. Baird and Mr. Cartwright went over confident of breaking the Belgian bookmakers. The good thing, owing to the lack of honesty on the part of owner, trainer, and jockey, ran somewhere about ninth, and the proprietors of the International Stockbroking Syndicate were furious with the dishonesty of the world.

"I thought that was a cert.," said Mr. Baird, as they were returning to London on Monday morning.

"It's a comfort we shall have a pot of money coming in to make up for it."

"That Platt can't hook the cheques, can he?" said Mr. Cartwright, whose bitter experience had made him doubtful of everybody.

"I've got the key of the letter-box in my pocket. He could not get at the letters without breaking the box open before the staff. Besides, Platt is too respectable for anything of that kind. He'd be afraid of missing his bonus at Christmas."

Mr. Cartwright laughed.

"I should think his bonus will be nine months' hard, if he waits for it."

The train drew up at a junction, and Mr. Baird lazily examined the newspaper bills at the bookstall.

All at once he shouted: "Cartwright—look there."

Mr. Cartwright stared at the bill of the "Investor's Daily." It read:

THE INTERNATIONAL STOCKBROKING SYNDICATE EXPOSED.

A MONTH IN A BUCKET-SHOP.

OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

They dashed out of the train and purchased a paper.

"It's Platt!" cried Mr. Baird. "Platt we've trusted and he's giving full particulars of our last deal."

"Take your seats, gentlemen," said the guard, "if you're going on to London."

"Not for me," said Baird to his partner. "There'll be a warrant applied for this morning. We daren't go near the office. And there must be thousands of pounds in our letter-box."

"If I had that mug here," said Mr. Cartwright, ferociously, "I'd wring his neck and throw him under a train."

"Mug!" exclaimed Mr. Baird. "We're the mugs. It's enough to destroy a man's belief in human nature."

POINTS OF A HORSE

THE CORRECT NAMES FOR THEM.

Even men whose daily work is amongst horses frequently make mistakes as to the naming of some of the parts, while the novice at horsemanship is painfully conscious of his ignorance concerning them.

To take the head first, that part which lies between and immediately behind the ears is called the "poll."

From the poll down to the level of the eyes we have the "forehead."

From the eyes down to the nostrils we have the "face."

The "muzzle" is the name given to the nose, nostrils, mouth, and chin combined.

The space underneath the horse's head and between the branches of the jaw is called the "jowl," and immediately behind that comes the "throat."

NECK AND BREAST.

Running from the angle of the jaw down to the horse's breastbone we have the "neck."

The breastbone comes just above the two forelegs and between them, and the point of it may easily be felt with the fingers beneath the skin. The region round about this bone is termed the "breast."

Behind the breast lies the powerful shoulder-joint, while back from it, and pointing to the rear, lies the elbow-joint. When you speak of a horse's "shoulders," you mean all that part of him lying between the elbow-joint and the top of the shoulder-blade.

The term "forehand" is used when you speak of the horse's head, neck, and fore-limbs collectively.

From the elbow to the knee we have what is called the "forearm," or sometimes merely the arm.

On the inner-side of the forearm will be found a horny growth, which is called a "chestnut."

FETLOCK AND CANNON.

The joint below the knee and just above the hoof is called the "fetlock." The part between the knee and the fetlock is the "cannon" or shin.

Below the fetlock we have the "pastern," which slopes forwards and downwards to the hoof.

The part which lies just above the hoof is called the "coronet." Normally, there is a slight bulging forward of the skin at the coronet, but if this is too marked ringbone may be present.

Let us now return to the horse's head and work down his back. From the poll down the top of the neck we have the "crest," from which the mane springs.

Immediately below that, and rising slightly above the level of the rest of the neck, we have the "withers"—that part which comes directly in front of the saddle.

The part of the back which is covered by the saddle is simply called the "back."

LOINS AND CROUP.

Immediately behind the saddle come the "loins," extending to the top of the quarter.

The "croup" is the part between the top of the quarter and the root of the tail.

A horse has eighteen ribs, springing from the spine and joining the breastbone. Between the last rib and the hindquarter we have the "flank."

When you speak of a horse's "quarters" you mean all the parts lying between the flank and the tail.

The "thigh" lies between the quarter and the "hock," which is the joint corresponding to the knee of the foreleg. Below the hock you describe the parts in the same manner as in the case of the forelegs.

The "chest" is the forepart of the barrel of the horse, while the "belly" is the rear part. The chest is divided from the belly roughly by a line drawn from the loins to the girth place.

C. R. MOIR.

ONE OF THE COLD WEATHER'S FINEST SPORTS.

Cross-country running is condemned by some men as being dull. The game element which is found in football and golf is not to be looked for in such sports as running, rowing, riding, or swimming, but these sports have nevertheless a charm of their own.

In cross-country running you not only have the interest of nursing your strength and coming in well to the front at the finish of the run, but you are also taking your exercise under ideal conditions.

Your clothes consist of almost the minimum; the wind beats up the legs of your shorts and finds its way through the thin texture of your zephyr; it kisses your arms and rushes through your hair.

You feel that you are close to nature. The purest of your animal instincts are finding full vent.

THE PLEASURE OF SELF-CREATED SPEED.

You are like a horse or a greyhound dashing along in the sheer ecstasy of your own speed. Care vanishes; you view life and your own place in it in the proper perspective.

No man can call a sport dull when every moment is a moment of sheer delight.

Cross-country work has the merit of being suitable for men of almost any age, at least up to thirty-five.

If you are to play football well you must have taken it up in your youth, and the same applies to many other sports and games; but there are some men whose constitution does not reach its highest powers till manhood is upon them. As boys they have neglected sport, and as men, strong and healthy and anxious to enjoy sport, they are afraid of making a bad showing.

Other sports may be denied to them, but cross-country running offers them a welcome, for in it there are but few technicalities to be mastered, and in every club there are plenty of novices like themselves.

A THOROUGHLY SPORTING WELCOME.

For some reason—and it is greatly to their credit—the members of running clubs take special delight in making a novice feel welcome. They prevent him from becoming conscious of his shortcomings. One of the officials will run alongside him and prevent him from overtaxing those powers which are just coming to life.

The assurance of the experienced runner that the novice is making a good showing and is likely to turn out well puts new life into him, and after a few runs he has found his feet.

In some places there are no cross-country clubs available, but a club of a sort can always be formed, even though it consists of only two.

Few men would care to go in for cross-country running alone, but with one companion almost as good sport can be had as with a whole pack.

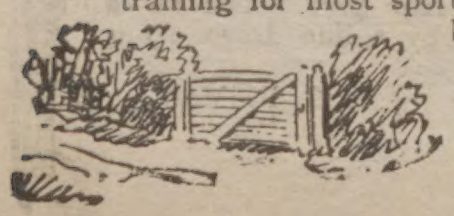
The cost cannot debar anyone from taking up cross-country work. A few shillings will purchase an orthodox running outfit, but one can readily be made up from other sporting togs. The subscriptions exacted by running clubs are always extremely moderate.

RUNNING AND THE HEART.

Running is condemned by some as being bad for the heart. These are the people who confuse cross-country running with sprinting. The latter is certainly apt to put a big strain on the heart, and to injure that organ if it is not strong; but no man sprints in a cross-country run, for he could not keep up the pace. He trudges along at a good steady trot, which can do him no harm, but which benefits every muscle.

In fact, distance running is now a favourite method of training for most sports, for it not only develops muscle, but also produces stamina.

G. ELWES.



THE BACHELOR'S BUDGET.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE ON A MODERATE INCOME.

Undoubtedly the rock on which the average bachelor budgeteer manages most frequently to bring his craft into difficulties is the question of rent. He so seldom manages to reduce it to the commonsense proportion of his income. Consequently, he pays so much for his board and lodging that a great many other considerations—even necessities—have to go by the board.

Let us suppose that a man's income in 30s. a week—a sum, by the way, which takes a lot of earning in these days of cut-throat competition and minimum salaries. It will be the purpose of this article to show how such an income may be laid out to the best advantage.

Very few bachelors can be bothered to forage for themselves in the matter of meals. They could save a lot of money if they did; but let that pass. They don't. So we will put down board and lodging at 15s. a week. A great many men will give more, but they need not.

THE ALLOWANCE FOR CLOTHES.

This leaves 15s. over; and we must not forget that we have to clothe ourselves out of this. We probably have two summer suits, two thick winter ones, an overcoat, two pairs of boots, two pairs of shoes, one or two hats of different kinds, and some underlinen. We shall not need to buy all this every year, but we will suppose that this is one year in which we have to. So we will put the items as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
2 Summer Suits at 35s.	3	10	0
2 Winter Suits at £2	4	0	0
1 Overcoat at 30s.	1	10	0
2 Pairs of Boots (black and brown) ...	1	1	0
2 Pairs of Shoes at 9s. each	0	18	6
Hats (bowler, a straw, and a cap) ...	0	8	0
Shirts, Collars, Underwear, Socks, etc....	5	0	0
	£16	7	6

THE REMAINING 8/6.

When we divide the dress bill by the number of weeks in the year, we find that the weekly total is about 6s. 6d.; but it must be remembered that what we have bought will last us a long while and will save us a lot of expense next year. Of course, it is possible to obtain clothes at cheaper figures than those above; but it is a safe assertion that they will not be of such good quality. Thus, taking 6s. 6d. from our floating 15s., we have 8s. 6d. left, which we may advantageously lay out as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
	0	3	0
Weekly fares to and from business, say...	0	1	0
Stall at suburban music-hall, weekly ...	0	2	0
Snack at midday at 4d. a day	0	1	0
Subscription to sports clubs, outfits, etc...			
	£0	7	0

Thus we have 1s. 6d. left over "to make a beast of ourselves with." But, seriously speaking, we are still on the safe side of our book.

PLENTY OF AMUSEMENT.

One or two readers may cavil at the weekly amusement being limited to a suburban music-hall; but I am sure that they will be very few. Seasoned playgoers know that the great modern variety syndicates manage to offer just as good programmes at their outlying and provincial houses as they do in the West-End. It is, in fact, the suburban houses that keep them above water and swell the yearly dividends.

A shilling a week for sports, etc., may seem at first glance to be rather an exiguous allowance; but it represents £2 12s. per annum, which should suffice the average man for the purposes mentioned. Subscriptions to a cricket and footer club, and the requisite outfits (most of which latter we possess already), ought certainly not to come to more. Thus, our weekly bill should read:—

	£	s.	d.
Dress	0	6	6
Board and Lodging	0	15	0
Fares, Amusements, etc.	0	7	6
In Hand	0	1	0
Total	£1	10	0

WM. B. NOTHARD.

Sporting Photographers

THEIR DIFFICULTIES IN OBTAINING GOOD SNAPSHOTS.

I don't know if you remember the photograph, a year or two back, of the captain of one of the 'Varsity cricket elevens going back to the pavilion after a brilliant stand for the first wicket. If you do, you will recollect that you couldn't see his face, for the very good reason that he had raised his bat at the psychological moment so as completely to cover it.

This is one of the greatest difficulties the sporting photographer has to contend with. So many famous sportsmen and athletes—especially amateurs—have a rooted objection to being snapped, and devise all manner of dodges for defeating the man with the camera. I can tell you all sorts of stories in this connection.

Mr. C. B. Fry, for instance, hates to be photographed, and he adopts two forms of tactics, according to the nature of the game he is playing at the time. If he has been playing footer, or running on the track, or jumping—perhaps I ought to say *had* been, for the great Treble Blue doesn't do much in those lines now—he simply sprints past a camera or any person whom he suspects of carrying a hand apparatus. Thus, if you get a picture at all it looks like nothing except some sort of blizzard or tornado sweeping by.

COVERING HIS FACE.

Before or after cricket, however, he has a different method. Everyone knows Fry's flapping white flannel coat and abnormally baggy white flannel trousers. Well, it would obviously be more or less undignified to run about a camera in that kit; so I daresay that is why Mr. Fry invariably pulls his big linen hat well down over his face. In this way the photograph might represent everybody. It is simply a mass of whiteness—hat, coat, and bags—with no face visible.

Despite the fact that the "fancy" has the reputation of being anything but shyly retiring, a great many fighting men of the unassuming modern type are very bashful in front of the camera.

Johnny Summers is one of these. He foils the unfortunate photographer nine times out of ten when being taken in fighting attitude and garb by adopting an American crouch which, by the way, is not natural to him at all, keeping his head well down and stretching out his left, well open, so that it entirely covers his face. I regret to say I have often been led into a mild swear under my breath by this playful habit of Johnny's.

NOT IN DEFENSIVE ATTITUDE.

Talking about photographing boxers makes me think of a very interesting point of which few people are aware. You will often see photos of some of the finest fighters in the world depicting them in strange attitudes which would seem to leave them open to a successful attack by the veriest duffer who ever donned gloves.

The reason is that nowadays every boxer is snapped in all sorts of positions, at the beginning of a lead, halfway through an upper-cut, finishing a right-hand swing, and so on; in short, in every stage of every stroke known to the fancy. Thus they are bound to be presented sometimes in positions which they would not dream of taking up when standing still in the attitude of defence.

I can tell you an interesting story about this sort of thing.

CORBETT CRITICISED.

It was when snapshots were just coming into vogue; and I had taken a rapid exposure of Jim Corbett, an almost impossible-looking picture, showing him in the middle of one of his lightning punches. I showed this with great pride some time after to Jem Mace, and I shall never forget the quiet disgust on the great old fighter's face.

"Good Lud!" he murmured—a frequent expression of his—"he stands in an attitude like that, and he calls himself a fighting man! Why, old as I am, I'd fight 'em now!"

And it was not until I had made a lengthy explanation that Jem would recognise Corbett's claims to consideration as a figure in the boxing world.

Professional footballers are amusing chaps in their likes and dislikes. Here is a true story about a very well-known forward, whose name I must withhold, because he has been unmercifully chipped about the incident ever since, and I don't fancy he'd like his name mentioned.

I had to take a group of his team just before a big match, and the player in question, who was to sit straddle-legged in the foreground of the picture, crept up to me just as I was getting ready, and whispered:

"Ah want tha t' do me a favour, lad. Ah'd like tha to make ma boots look a bit moocky-like. They're new on t'day, sithee, and they're that white an' genteel-like that Ah didn't want to be tooken in 'em. So Ah'll be grateful if tha c'd make 'em look as grooby, tha knoa's as owd Jock's, f'r instance, ower thonder!"

I did my best, but, despite my efforts, the boots came out so white as to be in that player's estimation too "genteel" for words. He never liked that picture.

THE SMASHED CAMERA.

I never had greater trouble in photographing any sportsman than I had with Dr. E. M. Grace, the great Gloucestershire cricketer, who, alas! died not long ago. "E. M.," as everybody affectionately called him, hated to be photographed; and one day, when I was sent to get a snapshot for a big illustrated paper, I was at my wits' end. I decided, however, to use one of those tiny things that protrude through one of the buttonholes of your waistcoat; and sidling up to the great player, I snapped him successfully.

But—alas for my cherished hopes!—he heard the click, and, turning round with his usual bluff geniality, exclaimed, "You've beaten me, you dog!"

Then he gave me a hearty thump on the chest—and smashed my machine!

I hadn't done him. He had done me!

C. Hinton.

USE OF LONG AND HALF BUTT.

When the amateur billiard player has to use the long butt or the half butt, he generally makes a mess of it.

In the first place he usually forgets to chalk the tip, and these lengthy cues, being seldom used, are almost invariably unchalked.

In the next place, having got the cue in position, he asks how far away he is from the object ball. If there is a marker he may get an accurate answer, but if he relies on his opponent it is odds on that he will not.

Not that his adversary means to mislead him, but the average person is not a good judge of distance.

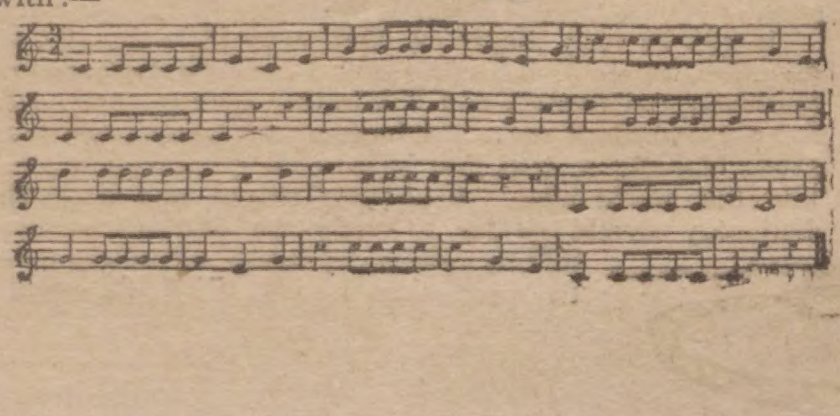
The best plan is to walk round the table and place the cue within suitable striking distance.

The third error is to be afraid of the long or half butt, and to make a hasty jab at the ball, whereas the cue cannot be swung too easily or gently.

Seven out of ten players, however, do not take the long or half butt when they should do so. They prefer to overreach with the rest, and then are surprised and annoyed when they miss.

"STABLES."

Perhaps the most beautiful of all trumpet calls is that known as "stables." Readers who can play an instrument may like to have the music of it, which is reproduced herewith:—



HOW TO NAME DOGS

CUSTOMS AND CONVENTIONS FOR DIFFERENT BREEDS.

There are unwritten rules as to the naming of dogs of different species which are strictly observed by those dog-owners, breeders, and exhibitors who have the details of their hobby at heart.

For instance, the affix "Stone" to the name of a bulldog connotes descent from the famous "Rodney Stone," and the favourite names for bulldogs are those of the great generals and admirals who have upheld the reputation of the British race for courage and determination.

With French bulldogs, on the other hand, it is considered correct to fit them with names drawn from the language of their country of origin, and we have, consequently, Bonbon, and L'Apache, Cupide, and Vivace as appropriate cognomens.

SHORT NAMES FOR FOXHOUNDS.

Hounds belonging to recognised hunting packs are even more carefully and scientifically named. A hound-name must be selected for special reasons, the chief of which is that it may be easily and distinctively shouted in the hunting-field by the whippers-in.

It may not, therefore, be of less than two nor more than three syllables. To meet these special requirements, the accent must fall on the first syllable of the hound-name: thus, Baronet, Challenger, Chorister, Orator, Guardsman, Sindbad; or Credible, Harmony, Mermaid, Sappho, are typical names for dog or bitch hounds as the case may be.

The working terriers of a hunt are invariably given names of a certain class more or less indicative of their nature or appearance, and usually of one syllable. Thus Spot, and Jack, and Venom, or Vick, and Viper and Snap, are typical names for the "varmint" little dogs that will run all day with hounds and are game enough to tackle fox, or otter, or badger in the recesses of earth or holt.

PUZZLES FOR THE COURSER.

It is when we come to greyhounds employed in coursing, however, that we find the process of naming running-dogs most carefully and scientifically worked out.

The problem set the owner of greyhounds is somewhat complicated. In the first instance, he must not use a name already registered in the Greyhound Stud Book within ten years, unless it be distinguished by a numeral.

Then it is desirable that his dogs should be called by names commencing with the initial of his surname; or, where there are many owners with surnames beginning with the same letter, by double names, showing the initials of both Christian and surname.

In a confederacy the initials of both partners should occur; as in the famous series of winning Waterloo Cup greyhounds, Fearless Footsteps, Farndon Ferry, Father Flint, of the brothers Fawcett.

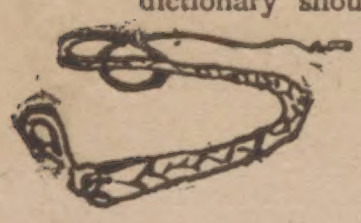
AN OPENING FOR SOMEBODY.

It is further desirable that the name of a running-dog should, besides containing these points, give some indication of both the sire and the dam. Thus, supposing an owner whose initials are C. K., has a puppy to register from a litter by Napoleon out of a bitch called Girl Thief, a very suitable name might be found in Corsican Knave; or for a courser the initial of whose surname was A, a good name for a puppy by Tragic Poet out of Maid of Athens would be Agatho, after the great Athenian tragic writer.

If sense such as the above cannot be attained the sound may be studied instead, and a Father Flint—Hermonthis puppy might be named Her Father.

It will be seen, therefore, that some little thought and attention are required if one's hounds or show dogs are to be appositely designated; and it is rather strange that no one has yet embarked upon the business of naming the many litters of pedigree dogs that in increasing numbers are born into this world alive. A polyglot tongue and a classical dictionary should go far to equip the first advertiser of this, a new and possibly not unremunerative profession.

L. C. R. CAMERON.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE JOHNSON—WELLS TROUBLE.

The letter of the Chairman of the London County Council, regarding the probable attitude of that body towards the Johnson-Wells contest, came like a thunderbolt upon the sporting world.

I have much pleasure in being able to present to my readers' notice the opinion of Wells himself regarding the matter, which will be found on page 100, while Captain Fraser discusses on page 109 the attitude of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Pastor of the Baptist Chapel at Regent's Park, who was the first to voice the protest against this match.

It seems to me that too much has been made of these protests, and I doubt whether they would have received so much attention from the newspapers had they not occurred during the dull season, when the dailies find it hard to fill their columns.

Frankly, I think it was rather unfair of those who desired to protest against the contest to delay so long. The match has been arranged for some months, and if protests were to be made at all they should have been made earlier. It seems unfair that they should be made now, after so much expense has been incurred by the promoters of the match.

As for Lord Lonsdale's objection that in this case the combatants are not to put up stakes, and that therefore the match cannot be considered sporting, it might well be asked since when it has been the habit for professional pugilists to put up their own money.

Stakes may be put up in most contests, but it is safe to say that they seldom come out of the boxers' pockets.

The element of commercialism in this match may be an unpleasant feature, but it does not necessarily make the match an unsporting one, for, regrettable as the fact may be, commercialism has entered into almost every aspect of sport, whether it be football, racing or any other spectacular pastime.

THE R.S.P.C.A.

In connection with the article which recently appeared in THE MODERN MAN entitled "The Tyranny of the R.S.P.C.A.," I have received a large amount of most sensational correspondence. I am having the matter investigated fully, and hope to be able to deal with it in detail next week.

I also hope to be in a position to offer substantial assistance to those against whom this society brings groundless charges.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE.

Meanwhile, I should advise those readers who may desire to contribute towards the prevention of cruelty to animals, to devote their gifts exclusively to the Dumb Friends' League.

While the R.S.P.C.A. concerns itself chiefly with the punishment of people alleged to be guilty of cruelty to animals, the Dumb Friends' League alleviates animal suffering in a practical manner.

During the recent hot weather they have supplied cool meal water at all the busy crossings in London for the refreshment of the tired horses. The Dumb Friends' League also has trace horses at various steep hills to help heavily laden horses up with their burdens; these trace horses are placed at the use of the public free of charge. The League's ambulances will convey to the owner's stable, free of charge, any horse that has been taken ill or has been injured in the street, no matter how distant the stable may be. This League is doing excellent work and is entirely worthy of the subscriptions of the charitable.

THE ESCAPE OF FERRIS.

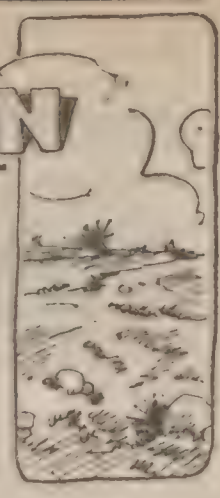
So great was the regret of my readers when the last series of Ferris stories came to an end that I have arranged with the author to supply us with some more.

How Ferris escaped from prison is told this week, while further stories of this captivating rogue will appear in these pages from time to time. I trust you will find them entertaining; certainly they hold one's interest, even though one does not approve of the morals of the leading character.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FERRIS BREAKS PRISON



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. WADE LANG.

It's strange how a man's past, thought to be dead, buried, and almost forgotten, will appear suddenly from the dark, and confront him like Banquo's ghost.

It was years since I had shaken the dust of the United States off my feet—discretion being the better part of valour—and determined, by way of a change, to give the ...t life a chance.

...nd, barring a few lapses, I had succeeded. I ... now the accredited representative of a weekly ...don periodical, engaged—of all things in the world!—gathering the necessary data for a series of articles ... entit... "Our Penal Systems."

... the moment of which I write, I was chatting to the prison chaplain outside ... gates (the Governor was too busy to see ... watching with a morbidly curious eye the ... of convicts coming out for their daily work in ... quarries, under the charge of blue-uniformed, keen-... warders.

... past us the procession tramped. Passive looking ... in yellow clothes marked with arrows, coarse stock-... and boots, and yellow, peakless caps, walking in ... file at a distance of about four yards from each ..., and favouring us with furtive glances as they ... by.

... then I saw Monty Ferris! Changed. Immeasur-... changed. But unmistakably he! Admitted by all ... the cleverest, most audacious rogue of a decade, ... an aristocrat, inveterately a gentleman—and ... one of a drove of human sheep in an English State ...—and the one man who knew sufficient about me to ... Sing-Sing if he blabbed.

... observed the sudden widening of his eyes as he ... me. The next moment he was level, and ... unaccountably over something in the path. He ...long at my very feet, giving vent to a loud ...ed oath.

... nearest warder could take heed, he was ..., muttering angrily to himself.

... even as he fell I caught the breathed syllables: *Follow! Watch me!*" And met for a brief in-... the full-charged, alive, blue eyes.

... warder, halting, rapped out a sharp reproof. ... grotesquely-attired figure hastened to get back into ...; and the chaplain remarked in mellifluous ... "Incomprehensible clumsiness! What were you ..., Mr. Croydon?"

... was saying," I rejoined, with the inner secret ... of my brain spinning like a million wheels, ... the chief department of my inquiry is to report ... conditions of the men while at work. If you ... accompany me, Mr. er—Mazonby——"

"Certainly," he answered; adding that his services ... at my disposal for the whole morning.

... waited till the gang had gone by, then followed ..., and I kept a close but surreptitious eye on ... as we strolled from place to place.

... did not look once in my direction, so far as I ... see. I had, of course, no conception whatever ... intentions or desires, yet I knew his reputation ... well to be sure that the sight of me had ... started some plan in his mind; and that he expected ... be on hand to help him.

... man worthy of his salt will hesitate when the ... of his craft has need of him.

... kept up my series of questions to the chaplain, ... the notes, and inordinately on the alert. Ferris ... engaged in wheeling blocks of the sandstone from ... part of the workings to another, manifestly one ... most willing and industrious men there; but no-... happened, in spite of my confident anticipation, ... last the time came when I could not find any ... to stay longer.

... manœuvred the chaplain to a spot which Ferris ... momentarily passing with his barrow, and, seizing a ... favourable opportunity, said, loud enough for him to ...

"Well, I seem to have reached the limit of my inquisitiveness, Mr. Mazonby — many thanks to you. I'm staying in the locality for a few days to write up my information. Perhaps we shall have the pleasure of meeting again."

And with this we started to stroll leisurely away. Ferris proceeded for a few steps and set down his barrow. He picked from out of it a broken-off flake of the sandstone, tossed it on one side, and went on again.

A warder within a few feet of him observed the action without any change of expression. I would have laid a hundred dollars to a nickel that it did not make the slightest impression on his mind.

But it did on mine.

I returned when it was dark that night, and, after a stealthy search, found the flake of sandstone. By the aid of a little pocket-lamp I carefully and minutely examined it.

On one side of it, faintly traced, were the words:

"Hide pencil and cig. paper under this. Efface."

So that was how he intended to establish communication with me! I knew the stringent search-regulations which prevented the smuggling of even the tiniest article into the prison precincts. But *outside*——

Before dawn of the following morning I had hidden under the stone an inch of pencil, which had a cavity at one end for india-rubber, which now I stuffed with a couple of cigarette papers, and removed all trace of the message on the stone.

Then I returned to my hotel in the adjacent village of Princetown, and kept out of sight of the moor until darkness had fallen again.

Sure enough, there was a message.

"Money will be wanted. Also time and patience. Have you all three?"

I answered "Yes," and replenished the papers.

Thus began our system of inter-communication, which lasted, with occasional breaks, from May to foggy November.

By then all our plans were arranged.

I had previously taken a house near Princetown, and was now living there looked after by a middle-aged housekeeper, who could be relied upon to be discreet in certain unlooked-for eventualities, and a manservant, himself of unquestionable respectability.

I was supposed to be writing a book, and spent much time in walking over the moors at night, thinking out my tale and searching for inspiration.

It was not inspiration that I usually found, however.

In the first week of the said November I fell out with my much too honourable manservant and packed him off back to London, where he came from. Then I advertised for another to take his place, but could not succeed in immediately finding one to suit me.

And, meanwhile, every afternoon I took a certain walk across the moors, eager in every nerve for a fog.

The sky was nearly always grey and the dark fell quickly, but days went on and still the long-desired opportunity was deferred.

But at last it came.

Clear at three-thirty, the fog rolled up and smothered the land before the dull chime of bells announced the hour of four from the prison.

And it was while the long, sad line of convicts was plodding its dreary way back to incarceration (I could see them from my concealment on an upland), that a shot rang out, and then another, and after that a scattered volley, which told me without mistake that a prisoner had made his dash.

If any confirmation were needed, the abrupt, harsh clanging of the alarm bell in the prison tower provided it.

I remained for some minutes, intent and anxiously watching.

Would the fog lift? Or would it grow mercifully denser?

With quick steps and a beating heart, I made my way to our pre-arranged rendezvous—a hollow, topped by a solitary tree.

There, screened by a clump of gorse, I crouched. By now one could not see more than half a dozen paces

ahead.—I very much doubted whether Ferris would be able to find his way.

Shouts could be heard occasionally in the distance, and the accursed brazen clang of the alarm-bell went on unceasingly.

I was listening for the stumbling crash of running footsteps; but it was a cool, low voice which ultimately reached my ear.

"That you, Daffy?"

I turned my head, and there he was standing within a yard of me! He had approached with the silence of a Red Indian.

"Dave Stowbrass it is," I answered, and our hands met, quivering with the strength we put into the grip.

"Thanks," said Ferris. "You're a white man, Daffy."

"Be quick," I urged.

"Where are the clothes?"

"In here!"—and I fished them out of the hole in which they had lain secreted.

He changed rapidly into a dark mufti suit, a cap which he could pull over his eyes, and comfortable boots—none of them new—while the hideous prison garb I stuffed into the hole as he discarded it.

"The luxury of a clean, soft shirt!" was his only remark.

I had been listening with all my ears. "They've missed you," I said.

"They'll be after us presently, if we don't look slippy. Are these clothes well hidden? How long, do you think, before they'll be found?"

"Months, perhaps. Probably never."

"Good! What a soup-like fog! Are you ready?"

"How are you feeling?" I asked him.

"Like dried blood," said Ferris. ". . . *Ssh!*"

From somewhere on our left came distinctly the tramping of feet. Again, on the right, a wider extension of a similar sound, unmistakably converging.

"They're all round us; they're coming down here," I breathed.

"Ssh!" said Ferris again.

As in a flash I saw the failure of all our well-prepared schemes. We had counted on getting into the house unchallenged; Ferris would take up the vacant position of manservant, and for a week or two lie low—comfortably situated within a mile and a half of the prison, while the country for leagues around was being thoroughly scoured. Now, caught together, out in the open; questioned; *scrutinised*. . . .

"Must run for it!" I urged.

"No," said Ferris; and his steel-like fingers dug into my forearm. "We're lost if driven into the open country."

"What then, man? Quick!"

"You'll play up, Daffy? You'll play up?"

"Yes!"

The words had been the veriest breathings. Suddenly Ferris stood erect, and, dragging me after him, walked several steps forward.

"I told you so, you idiot!" he said quite loudly. "We're completely lost."

"I believe we are," I said.

"Always said you'd got no bump of locality. Why on earth you should drag me away from the fireside to indulge in convict-hunting, when I'm only sorry for the poor devils—— Hullo! who's this?"

Two figures were nearing us; uniformed and peak-capped.

"Warders," said Ferris. "Good evening, gentlemen. Have you found him?"

"Who might you be?" demanded a surly voice; and a face was thrust close to his, examining as well as was possible in the misty dark. There are crises when the nerves are absolutely under command, and nothing on earth seems to matter. Such was that moment.

"Not your man, at any rate," responded Ferris heartily. "And jolly thankful, if you want my opinion. This is my friend, Mr. Croydon, who lives in Princetown, and with whom I'm staying at the present time."

"And this gentleman," I put in, "is Mr. Nevil Bairn, sub-editor of 'The Earth,' which is the paper I represent. I know your Governor and the chaplain well——"

"Oh, yes, and I know you, Mr. Croydon," said one of the warders. "I've read your articles. It's quite all right, sir."

The rapid change of Ferris's attire had clearly absolved him from suspicion.

But what if they struck a light.

"Well, what are you going to do?" continued Ferris, allowing no time for thought, and addressing me. "... you're determined to inflict on me ague and neu... I'll stay out with you; but I warn you, I don't lik... it. There's something beastly about a man-hunt."

"Oh, ease up and don't moralise." I pleaded. "... I can only strike the main road I'll take you home to ... muffins and tea, and you can shove your feet into slippers ... and toast your toes for the rest of the evening. Where's ... the road, warder?"

"Straight ahead, sir. Just over the brow ... hollow. There's others of my pals about. ... direct you, if needed."

"Thanks," I said, with an inner conviction ... we should not be so fortunate at the next attempt.

"Couldn't you work that way yourself, and help us along?" asked Ferris genially. "I don't want to harp on the subject, Croydon, but really you're a wh... incompetent ass where the sense of direction is con... cerned.

"I suppose," he continued to the warder, "you won't be able to do much till the fog lifts?"

"No, sir. I may as well come your way as ... other. You go on, Jack," he said to his silent com... panion.

That was how we got through. It was on the out... skirts of the town that we parted from him and ... half a crown as well. Ten minutes later we were co... paratively safe.

"Daffy," said Ferris in the bedroom, while he made several elaborate changes in his appearance, "I've ... out of prison with a heart turned to stone, and ... like mercury, and hate frozen solid in my brain. ... a big debt I've got against the forces of law and order, but I'm going to pay it. To pay it to the final farthing."

He turned round and fixed his glacier-blue eyes ... mine.

"I propose a partnership," he said. "You're going to continue along the narrow path of virtue ... isn't in you. You're a criminal to the core, and ... am I."

I knew it was the truth, and made no show of regret.

He came over to me and put a hand on each of my shoulders.

For a moment or two we looked hard at each other.

"Together?" he queried softly.

"To the rope's end," said I.

And the following morning, with the bold ... which made so much for success in our after ... takings, we walked in broad daylight to the st... took train for London.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—E.

THE HAIRPIN GAME.

AN EXCUSE FOR A TOWN RAMBLE.

This amusement for a town ramble was first invente... a member of the staff of "Punch" many years ago for h... private delectation and that of his friends.

It is played in the following way. Two men ... a point, say a mile distant, to which they will walk. ... each makes a guess at the number of hairpins ... see lying on the pavement before reaching their des... The one whose guess is nearest to the number ... counted by both, wins the match.

A fairly brisk pace must be maintained, and, of course, the hairpins are not touched, but only counted.

Local knowledge goes a long way in arriving at a guess. If there are laundries or factories on the route, hairpins are usually plentiful; and the neighbourhood of suburban railway stations is usually a happy hunting-ground.

Damp pavements are better than dry ones, as on the latter the falling hairpin frequently rebounds into the road and is lost to sport.

Early morning is the best time for this game, as owing to the unsportsmanlike conduct of some shopkeepers in having the pavement before their establishment regularly swept the number of possible pins to be counted is greatly reduced later in the day.

Sometimes quite a "covey" of hairpins will be found in a single spot; and the players may employ their wits, after the manner of Sherlock Holmes, in reconstructing a tragedy or comedy.

The rules, it will be seen, are very simple; but the surreptitious purchase of hairpins for the purpose of "salting" a stretch of pavement is considered unsportsmanlike.

Mr. Meyer and Boxing Contests.

SOME PLAIN QUESTIONS THAT AWAIT HIS ANSWER.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, the well-known Baptist minister, has been fulminating against the forthcoming Wells v. Johnson boxing contest.

I have no desire to go out of my way to attack Mr. Meyer or any other clergyman or minister. He is entitled to his opinions, and I have no doubt he is perfectly sincere in what he says. I, however, am equally entitled to my opinion that he does not know what he is talking about.

Indeed, speaking in a parliamentary sense, he exudes such clap-trap and flap-doodle that his remarks might be left unnoticed were it not that Mr. Meyer exercises a wide influence, while it is attacks of this kind on sport that alienate sportsmen from the churches.

I want, in the first place, to ask Mr. Meyer a straight question: Has he ever witnessed a first-class professional boxing contest?

If not, on what does he base his opinion that such exhibitions are brutal or degrading? Is it on even second-hand accounts of matches?

THE ELEMENT OF MONEY.

Mr. Meyer appears to be horrified at the idea of "two men battering each other for money."

Why should Mr. Meyer assume that money is the only inducement?

Is it impossible that a man should take to boxing for the love of it, because he is physically and temperamentally fitted to excel at the most manly of human sports—tests of pluck, skill, and strength?

Is a boxer necessarily actuated by sordid motives because he takes money for exhibiting his skill? After all, a boxer must live, and the boxer who goes in seriously at the game has rarely time to follow any other means of livelihood.

To accuse boxers of caring only for money is as unfair and ridiculous as it would be to accuse Mr. Meyer of preaching Christianity and fighting the devil solely for the sake of the salary attached to his post.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Mr. Meyer, to do him justice, admits that a knowledge of boxing has its uses, as, for example, in the way of enabling a man effectively to deal with the bully or cad.

A little later on, however, he stultifies himself by saying that the Johnson-Wells contest will lead to an outbreak of fighting among boys all over the country, just as they have been affected by the recent strikes.

The argument is not easy to follow. Mr. Meyer admits that it is desirable that a man should be able to use his fists so that he may protect the weak and helpless, and punish the evil-doer. But isn't boxing best learned in boyhood?

Mr. Meyer, I am sure, will not deny that boxing teaches courage, gameness, temperate living, and good sportsmanship.

Are not these virtues best and most easily acquired for the rising generation in early youth?

It seems to me that if professional boxing contests encourage the rising generation of the country to go in for boxing they are doing a world of good.

FIGHTING AND SLOGGING.

Mr. Meyer, however, Mr. Meyer means that professional boxing encourages fighting as distinct from boxing. If so I should be more than interested to know what solid reason Mr. Meyer has for holding this view? I strongly suspect that, never having seen a big contest, Mr. Meyer imagines that they are brutal exhibitions of blind slogging. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth.

It is possible, but improbable, that reading or hearing about such contests may encourage a few boys to be pugnacious. I am sure, however, that such boys will not be good boxers, and that sooner or later boys who can box will give them a lesson which will do them a world of good, and thus help to have professional boxing working for good and not evil.

Does Mr. Meyer seriously believe that the average British boy is such an idiot as to imagine that pre-eminence in the boxing ring is to be gained save by pluck, science, and perseverance? The more a man or a boy learns of the science of boxing, the less quarrelsome is he likely to be.

The trouble is not that the youth of the nation are too fond of boxing, but that they do not get enough of it.

It is a big blot on our system of national education that little attention is given to physical culture, and practically none—I am talking of State-provided schools—to boxing, which all reasonable men admit to be an incomparable exercise for physical, moral, and even mental development.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR MINISTERS.

Ministers have much to do with education. Without making any personal allusion to Mr. Meyer, it would be a good thing if more of them paid attention to the physical development of the State schoolboy.

Mr. Meyer makes a great point of professional contests being prize-fights in disguise.

Prize fights were boxing contests conducted under special rules which have since been abolished. Boxing contests with the bare knuckles are now illegal; but, provided gloves are worn and the number of rounds is limited, they are perfectly legal.

Mr. Meyer, therefore, condemns a legal sport, which affords a livelihood to a considerable number of his fellow-Christians and fellow-countrymen and recreation to ever so many more.

To me it seems a pretty serious thing to stigmatise a large section of the public as followers of a brutal and degrading form of sport or amusement.

BOXERS AS MEN.

Again I ask Mr. Meyer to tell us whether his opinions are grounded on personal observation of professional boxing contests.

I should like to know, too, how many professional boxers Mr. Meyer has met in the course of his life. I have known many, and, almost without exception, have found them uncommonly good chaps, quiet, modest, manly, and with a good deal more of tolerance and Christian charity in them than goes to the making of many a minister.

However feebly I may have stated my case, I think the readers of THE MODERN MAN would be glad to hear what Mr. Meyer has to say in reply.

NORMAN FRASER.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18 ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d.,	post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d.,	" "
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d.,	" "
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d.,	" "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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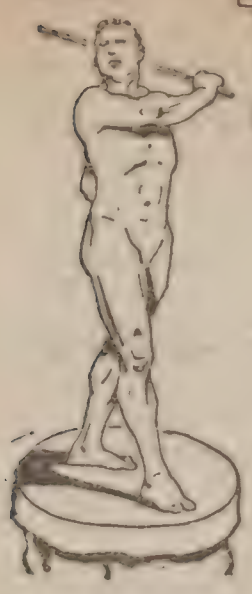
The League Badge. Actual Size.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

TWO SPECIAL EXERCISES.

SHOWING HOW ANYONE CAN ACQUIRE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE MUSCLES.

I give this week two special exercises, by means of which I shall not only increase your muscles, but shall also show you how to obtain a thorough mastery over them, and thus enable you to exercise at any time.

It is a great pleasure to a man who studies his physique and takes an intelligent interest in it to be able to exercise any muscle at any time he may desire, without those sitting beside him being aware of the fact.

In the first exercise, take a round bar of iron or of wood, or even a few copies of this paper tightly rolled up.

Grasp the bar or the roll of paper firmly with both hands, having the backs of the wrists towards the front, and the fore part of the fingers towards the chest, the forearms being in a horizontal position.

HOW TO GRIP THE BAR.

Now grip the bar with all your strength. Do not press sideways as if to crack it across, but grip towards the centre of the bar, as if you wished to crush it.

Still gripping the bar with all your force, press the wrists inwards, and the knuckles outwards.

This movement will stiffen up the extensors, which are the muscles along the back of the forearm.

Keep them tense for four or five seconds. Then relax the muscles, taking a deep breath slowly, and repeat the exercise.

It is of the utmost importance that in doing this exercise the position of the hands should be exactly as illustrated in the first picture, and the hands must not be allowed to slip round the rod, but must remain in their position, just as if the skin were glued to the surface.

Learning to control the muscles.

A variant of this exercise is to be adopted for strengthening the flexors, or muscles in front of the forearms.

This time bend the knuckles inwards and the wrists outwards, gripping the rod all the time.

You will feel the flexors tighten up. Make them as tense as possible, and hold them thus for four or five seconds, and repeat.

You can ascertain whether you are doing the exercise correctly by noting the pressure exerted upon the muscles. When you have thoroughly mastered it, you can start upon your first experience of the magnificent art of muscle control.

In place of the rod of iron or the tightly-rolled paper, take a thin tube made of a single sheet of paper, and hold it precisely in the manner already described. Exert all the grip muscles as you did in the last case, but let the pressure end at the surface of the paper, so that, although you are using your grip muscles, you do not crush the paper tube.

TENSING WITHOUT THE BAR.

Now go through the same movements as when you were using the iron bar, tensing the flexors and the extensors alternately. A little practice will enable you to exert the same force in contracting your muscles as you exerted when you were using a bar of iron.

The next step is to practise the exercise without any paper tube at all, merely placing your hands in position, as if you held such a tube between them.

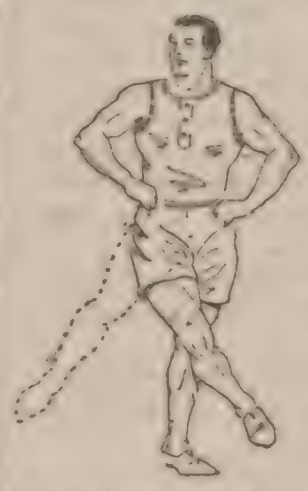
By practising thus, you will readily learn the art of contracting the flexors or extensors at will, and, when once this has been mastered, you will be able to contract these muscles, and make them as hard as wire, without even bending your arms.

The exercise I have described is one of the finest I know of for rapid development of the forearms.

STRENGTHENING THE LEGS.

The next exercise is for the development of the legs.

Stand with your heels together and your hands on your hips. Then raise your right leg till it occupies the position indicated by the dotted line in the second picture.



A magnificent exercise for the thighs.

While making this movement, do not bend the body towards the left, as you will feel inclined to do, but keep the back perfectly straight and perpendicular.

Keep the right leg raised for four or five seconds, and make the outside muscles of the thigh as tense as you can.

Then lower the leg, keeping it perfectly straight all the time, and pass it in front of the left leg.

While the leg is raised in this second position, tense all the inside muscles of the thigh.

Hold the leg in this position for four or five seconds, concentrating all your will power upon the increasing of the muscles affected.

Bring the foot back to the ground, take a moment's

HEALTH AND PHYSICAL PERFECTION

is the result obtained by MY Course of Scientific Physical Culture.

The exercises are SELF-RESISTING, require no apparatus, and only a few minutes of time daily.

The CURING—not alleviating—of all the more common ailments and defects by Natural Methods is a speciality.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

By sending the Coupon to-day you will receive FREE my latest publication entitled "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," describing my methods and giving some remarkable information regarding exercise.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON,
Physical Culture Specialist
(Dept. M2), **18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.**

CUT HERE. CUT HERE.

FREE BOOK COUPON.

Date.....

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, 18, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool.

Sir,—Please send me free and post free your new book, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," as explained in "The Modern Man."

Name .....

Address .....

(Write clearly) .....

If enclosed in an unsealed envelope, halfpenny stamp may be used.

HOLIDAYS & HEALTH.

Whether you have had your annual vacation or not, makes no matter—the following must be of intense interest to every business man or sedentary worker of any description.

I wish to talk to you about the important part that Physical Culture plays, or should play, in connection with your holiday.

It should be a **Health Holiday** in every sense of the word.

If about to go away, let me teach you health exercises which you may perform whilst you have a golden opportunity.

If you have **returned** from your holidays (as is probably the case) your idea should be—**that whatever benefits have accrued shall be retained and made permanent.**

There is only one way of guaranteeing this and that is by systematic Physical Culture in the shape of the famous Inch System of Physical Training.

I want you to write at once for my free booklet, "**Health At Home**," which I will mail by return, gratis, with terms for my Course, which are extremely low—**easy instalments arranged where desired.**

I will guarantee that instead of feeling jaded and tired after a week or two's return to business, you will maintain holiday benefits for a considerable time to come—in fact permanently.

Incidently, and at no extra cost, I will undertake to cure any physical defect or ailment you may be suffering from.

DO IT NOW. **THOMAS INCH,** Physical Culture Expert.
Dept. M.M., "Munster House,"
676 and 676a, FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

a deep breath, and repeat the exercise, this time ng the right leg behind the left leg in its descent, d of in front of it.

ive times will be sufficient to repeat the exercise er. Then take a rest and do the exercise with the t leg.

It is most important throughout this exercise to con- rate the mind on tensing the muscles of the thigh. When you have taught yourself to do that, you will be able tense them without showing any perceptible movement the leg.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. (Liverpool).—When pimples appear on the face it is a sign that the blood is out of order. Each individual pimple may be pricked with a clean needle and the pus pressed out, the wound being afterwards dressed with boracic or other antiseptic ointment. But the only permanent cure is to get the blood into proper condition by fresh air, exercise, and an added amount of fruit in your diet, if you require an aperient.

G. S. (Maryport).—You need not be afraid of my working off on you the old humorous reply to your request for a cure for a red nose. It is a malady from which many people suffer during the cold weather, even though, like you, they are teetotalers. It is usually due to indigestion, which can, in most cases, be put right by eating less and taking more exercise. Avoid starchy food for a time, and anything else that may tend to give you indigestion.

R. D. F. (Blackburn).—You should consult a doctor regarding the pain in your side. The position of it shows that it is not due to any affection of the heart, but, all the same, you had better give up sprinting till the pain disappears.

T. G. (Grimsby).—The less clothing you wear the better during your exercises. If you practice them in your own bedroom you can go through them with none at all.

D. A. S. (Coventry).—I shall presently give special exercises for strengthening the muscles of the neck. Meantime practise tensing them.

LONDON CAMEOS.

III.—ADORATION.

It was Sunday evening, and the crowd inside Hyde Park near the Marble Arch, where public speaking is the fashion, was denser than usual.

Raucous voices filled the air. So close packed were the audiences that a listener would find himself imbibing the wisdom of two speakers at once—and suffering no loss.

Heresy and schism, socialism and anti-socialism, faith and unfaith, atheism, politics, vivisection—all these and others were the themes of declamation; and no preacher but was confident that he had solved the meaning and mystery of Man.

In several places, too, there was a religious service being held; and in one place a harmonium helped the discord.

A sensitive soul would have said that all was discord.

But not with complete truth.

For around the harmonium were grouped a number of people, and the erected light played on their faces. And a number were young, but many were old, the old sitting on camp stools in a semi-circle.

And someone began a hymn, and the people began to sing. The harmonium hoisted them up a full semitone, and they got into their stride, and all was well.

Presently from among the ring of faces, one face became conspicuous. The face of a young girl, pale and sweet and pure.

She sang quite unconsciously, with her eyes raised a little so that they missed the people, and rested on the stars. The stars illimitably distant, twinkling in a deep blue void.

The hymn was begun over again. The girl sang on.

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the gath'ring waters roll,
While the tempest still is high. . . ."

God, far away, invisible in the void. The illimitable deep blue heavens. The whole wide vast unspeakable silent universe. And a young girl in a crowd lifting up her voice, pouring out her soul in love for a loving Saviour.

Winging up. Winging up. Surely to the ear of the Lord God Himself.

G. A.

LET US BE YOUR PHYSICAL DIRECTORS!

You have your Hairdresser, your Tailor and Hosier, who tend to the needs of your "Outer Man"; then why not have a Physical Culture Expert to watch over the requirements of your "Inner Man and Physique"? No athlete would think of training himself for a match, he would miss the regularity of his training, or bother about things that would tire him. Therefore, he has a good trainer, and leaves himself in his hands.

WHY it will pay you financially to consult us!

Reason 1.—We will so simplify your mode of living that you will require less food, and the smaller quantity of food will nourish you better than the larger quantity you have been in the habit of taking.

Reason 2.—We can teach you a regular simple mode of "Prevention-is better-than-Cure" living, and put you on to the correct method of CONSERVING ENERGY.

Reason 3.—We will make you thoroughly fit; give you so great an improvement in carriage and form that in whatever walk of life you happen to be, you must force your way to the top.

All systems of Physical Culture have certain good points, but the trouble is that most of them are marred by the application of apparatus to the exercises.

Man's physique was admittedly better in the days when apparatus was unknown. Apparatus that is used merely for development is useless.

It does produce a certain amount of muscle, but the muscle so produced is only useful for manipulating that particular apparatus, and is a drain upon the system of the student.

One P. C. expert even goes so far as to state that his system will not produce heavy, bulky muscles, and exhorts his prospective pupils to have no fear on that score! Such utter trash deserved the ridicule that it received.

Muscle does not come upon a man at such a rate that he need have cause for alarm, and the possession of heavy, bulky muscles is so rare a thing that it can hardly be looked upon as a disease.

We assert that the use of muscle gained by apparatus is very limited.

Our challenge to all P. C. experts in the world is as follows:—That we will produce a fuller, healthier quality of tissue, of greater power; give greater control and flexibility; and promote an absolutely perfect condition of the internal organs, with less output of strength and vitality, and with less feeding, than any other system in the world!

We are willing, nay anxious, to bring principals and pupils to undergo a combined test of muscle control and strength with those of any system in the world. This challenge is especially directed to Inch and Sandow. Both of these experts have had a long start of us, having been many years in the teaching line. We are even willing to put a ten-stone man to contest feats of strength with either. If these men cannot take up this challenge, it is for the simple reason that in many years they have been unable to accomplish what we have in months.

Another reason why you should consult us is that we not only **guarantee** individual tuition, but we **give** it. Practically all teachers guarantee this, but if you happen to get in touch with a friend who has taken the same system as yourself, in the great majority of cases you will find that your letters are identical with your friend's, and have been printed through a ribbon in imitation of type-written matter.

Of course many cases are similar, but not sufficiently similar to admit of a stock letter applying to a dozen different cases.

One Expert will tell you that he has had about 50,000 pupils pass through his hands, and that they have **all** received individual instruction; in addition he will tell you that he has a great establishment to control, and incidentally is often away, TRAINING!!

Give an average of five lessons to a course, there are 250,000 lessons to prescribe. Allowing that he prescribes 25 lessons daily, working Sundays and weekdays, with no holiday or breaks it would take about 40 years to prescribe these lessons individually!!!

Our record with individual tuition was 32 lessons in one day, and we are two principals working together.

We are not out to amass fortunes. We are out to make a name as the greatest Physical Culture experts in the world.

We may be interviewed free of charge, if you will write for an appointment.

We teach through the medium of the post, or personally.

Our fees are absurdly low, and may be paid in instalments, which are left entirely to the discretion of the pupil.

We have only one system, and we do not pester you with "follow ups" as soon as we get into communication with you.

We are anxious for these experts who are producing new and improved systems every few months to take up our challenge, and prove with deeds what they claim to do by the simple expedient of talking.

A few of our successes. We trained and backed Aston against Inch for the title of "Britain's Strongest Man." Aston won easily, although stones lighter. We trained Soguel against Carquest (Inch pupil) for the 9st. 7lb. championship of the world. Soguel won, although we had to reduce his weight from 10-t. 4lbs. to 9st. 6lbs. We trained Broom, of Hull, for the world's junior record—single-handed press of 209½lbs.

We ourselves hold a number of world's records. We trained Wühr for his marvellous double-handed lift, **and We Are not Weightlifters.**

We added 174 inches to the stature of pupils in one year. We increased the weight of pupils to the extent of about half a ton.

We decreased the weight of the corpulent by even more than this.

We assisted many students to win numerous minor events merely from the information given in our book "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE" even in far-off Australia.

We cured many cases of chronic indigestion and constipation, some in a few days, and all by natural methods.

We trained a little Englishwoman to a state of perfection that may well be envied by many an athlete, and whose photograph we will shortly reproduce in THE MODERN MAN.

Particulars of Our System will be sent free and post free to any reader of "M.M." who sends his name and address on a postcard to

MAXICK & SALDO,

ETON HOUSE, ETON AVENUE, N. FINCHLEY, LONDON, N.

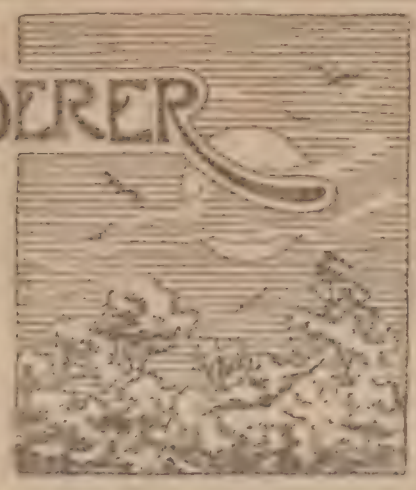
P.S. Have you got Maxick's Great Book, "How to become a Great Athlete"? If not, you ought to procure it without delay. Post free, 1/1½d.

The photographs alone are worth the money, while there is information contained therein the value of which cannot be over-estimated. It is just what you want. Do not put it off any longer, but really send for it this time. Send stamps instead of going to the trouble of procuring a postal order.

LOOK OUT FOR A BIG SURPRISE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

ALSO A SENSATIONAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "M.M."

THE ALL-BUT MURDERER



A SKETCH.

By G. B. GOSSAGE.

How well I remember the fierce wild lawlessness of the man.

It was in the draughty bar of a river-side inn in Sussex, one dark night in autumn, that I met him.

The door of the bar stood open, overhead the solitary oil lamp burned dimly. None other was in the room save the landlord, myself, and this man; and outside were the dark, and the night-wind, and the slow, soft lapping of the water.

Fit setting for such as he was.

He was large and loose-built. He stood sideways against the bar, one elbow on it, his fingers thrust deep into his shaggy black hair. His eyes were almost hidden by the thick, overhanging eyebrows. He was black-bearded. Only by his sinewy brown hands could one tell that he was not old.

But one could only call him a wreckage of a man. Continually he muttered to himself; at other times he broke out into savage, ringing-toned speech, like alternate smoke and flame from an inward, unquenchable fire.

"A fool!" he said, more than once. "Heigh! it's my curse to be a fool!"

He thrust forward his head to glower aggressively at me.

"Do you hear?" he said fiercely. "No man should be a fool and not know it! No man! And I'm a fool. Like Samson of old—'Behold, I have played the fool!' Oh, yes"—and he nodded once or twice in bitter-lipped verification.

"Ask him!" he said, with a head-jerk towards the landlord.

"You're all right, Dan," said the landlord indulgently. "Got the pip a bit to-night. Best get off and treat yourself to a sleep."

"Ay, to a barn, to a ditch! That's my bed, sir, nowadays. And at one time I was the bravest, handsomest lad round here. Ask *him*. *He* knows. . . .

"I made a bonfire of all my hopes and happiness once, sir, and heigh! a light to it, and how the rubbish burned!"

He sank his voice and continued in an under-tone.

"For a woman, sir—like all fools before me. . . . Shall I tell you how it happened?

"I'd been away fighting in the South African war, and when I came back she'd been carrying on with somebody else. She'd never said a word of it in her letters, mind you. And they were to be married on the coming Sunday.

"Well, I waited for him by the roadside mostly all one day; and at last he came along riding a big grey mare and singing very merrily to himself.

"But he stopped his singing when I stepped out and took a hold of his bridle. And he dug in the spurs, but I had him round the waist as she leaped.

"There was a coppice at the back where I'd made all ready, and I dragged him through to it, though he yelled all the way. I never thought anybody might hear the sounds, or I'd have shut up his mouth with my fist. And it pleased me to hear him besides.

"I set him down in a place I'd chosen, and he was quiet now, and there I talked to him.

"I pointed to the rope dangling from a bough, and I told him what he'd got to expect when I'd finished all I had to say to him. I'd never seen a man turn so sickly green before.

"He didn't try to get away. He just sat still and listened. And I talked.

"I made a mistake in talking too long, though. I ought to have strung him up right away. And the keepers came and interrupted before I'd done.

"I saw his eyes change and dart beyond my shoulder. Then he tried to go on looking the same, but I turned my head, and with a squeal like a shot rabbit, he was off.

"I caught him quick enough, and tried to do the business with my hands. But the keepers were on me—and there were three of them—and he made four.

"I lost my head at last and ran away crying into the wood. They let me go. The day I was arrested. And at the they gave me five years."

He took up his mug and drank contents to the bottom.

"They'd gone abroad when at last came out, but I'd lost the hunger to him. The poor, pitiful worm—it was a fool who would hate him.

"As for her. . . ."

He relapsed into his muttering, presently staggered away through the and into the darkness.

"It's perfectly true what he says," served the landlord. "Poor devil! never been any good since, and I suppose he ever will be. But you ought to have seen a fine, strapping young man he was twelve years

MORE LEAGUE MEMBERS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list. An application form is printed on another page.*

PORTSMOUTH *(continued).*

G. BROWN, 122, Balfour Road, North End; A. DAWE, 25, Nelson Landport; J. S. FANCEY, 153, New Road; G. FRAMPTON, 2, Terrace, Stanley Road, Stamshaw; H. GOODALL, 18, Simpson GRANT, 45, Bishop Street, Fratton; L. JAMIESON, 63, Nelson North End; T. D. JOSHUA, 10, Hale Street, Landport; A. J. 221, Powerscourt Road, Buckland; H. LITTLEFIELD, 81, Road; H. P. NARRANORE, 24, Alexandra Road, Landport; PAYNE, 23, Byerley Road, Fratton; A. L. RANGER, 66, T. H. ROWSON, 263, Queen's Road, Copnor; J. A. SMITH, H.M.S. Hindustan; R. H. SMITH, 1, Utopia Terrace, J. W. M. SMYLIE, 22 Mess, H.M.S. St. Vincent; GROVE, Royal Hotel; H. STRUGNELL, 21, Frogmore Road, F. G. TAYLOR, 291, Somers Road, Fratton; G. H. WALKER, "D" Co., Lincoln Regiment, Victoria Barracks.

PORT SUNLIGHT.

W. S. CLOUGH, 272, New Chester Road; C. ROUTLEDGE, Street; F. J. WALSH, 24, Primrose Hill.

PORT TALBOT.

W. A. BEDDOE, 43, Margam Terrace; F. EDMUNDS, 7, Glyncorrug; E. H. ENOCH, 19, Curwen Terrace; M. H. 22, Caroline Street, Blaengwynfi; G. MUNRO, Cymmer; H. Afan Street; O. WILLIAMS, 2, Cwrt Ucha Terrace; S. A. 41, Sanygroes Street.

POULTON-LE-FYLDE.

G. GARSIDE, Railway Hotel.

PRESCOT.

A. OVERTON, Hazel Brown; H. RAINFORD, Stank Lane Farm; WALKER, 12, Eccleston Street; R. WRIGHT, c/o G. G. Hemingway,

PRESTATYN.

J. LLOYD-HUGHES, Castell; J. T. HUGHES, Gronant House; WYNNE, Bodwyn.

PRESTON.

E. ASHTON, 11, Deepdale Street; J. ASPDEN, 14, Fitzgerald AUSTIN, 37, Salisbury Road; W. BLACKLEDGE, 7, L. R. BLOMLEY, 51, Wellfield Road; J. W. BONNEY, 7, Moor Park; J. BOOCOCK, 223, Watling St. Road, Fulwood; LEY, 7, Moss Street, Lostock Hall; F. BURKE, 27, London CHADDERTON, 50, Bow Lane; W. CRITCHLEY, 169, North CROSSLEY, 117, Ribbleton Lane; H. DITCHFIELD, 43, Parker F. DYSON, 14, Fitzgerald Street; J. A. FIELD, 20, Essex FLEMING, 257, Skeffington Road; F. FODEN, Carr Wood Cott worth'am; H. GREEN, 21, Garden Street; T. GREEN, 38, Bow GREENHALGH, 69, Cemetery Road; A. HAMMOND, 22, Hill H. HAMMOND, 22, Hill Street; W. INGHAM, 2, Bolton Street, gate Hill; G. T. MEAGHER, 59, Meadow Street; J. MELLING, Britannia Inn, Heatley Street; R. G. MILNER, The Waterloo, R. T. MOON, 41, Clifton Terrace, Ashton-on-Ribble; H. MYERSCOUGH, 103, Roebuck Street; J. A. PICKUP, Hesketh Lane, Tarleton; C. ROGERSON, Hothersall Hall, Longridge; W. ROWLAND, 66, Meadow G. G. SPEIGHT, 19, Great Avenham Street; W. STOREY, 113, Road, Ashton-on-Ribble; C. WEST, Chipping; W. WILLIAMS, Farm, Leyland Lane, Leyland; R. WILSON, Midge Hall; R. RUFF, 163, Fletcher Road; H. WORDEN, 85, Castleton Road; WORDEN, 85, Castleton Road,

(To be continued.)

Are you going to be a success?

The Coupon below entitles you as a reader of "Modern Man" to one complimentary copy of a valuable book on How to Succeed in Business. Will you please send it to us to-day, as only a few copies are available?

If you have not yet had your copy of this book, you must send at once, for it is a book that may set you on the right road to success, as it has set thousands of others. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

The Vitally Important Point.

But—and this is its most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about the great "Business Encyclopædia," the work that MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have," and that for you may make just the difference between the mediocre so-called success that any hard-working man can attain, and the brilliant career that comes to few. We do not claim that the "Business Encyclopædia" will bring you success "lying down," but thousands of men to-day are proving that the "Business Encyclopædia" is a priceless boon to the man who wishes to get on.

Do You Wish to be a Failure?

If you wish to get on, and will use it aright, it will be a priceless boon to you. Its possession is almost as if you had behind you, helping you with advice and pushing you up the ladder of success, many of the most successful business men of the day. For these are the men who have written the "Business Encyclopædia," practical men and enormously successful men. No matter what business you are in, however complicated or intricate, you will find that your branch is treated, and treated by an expert. If you doubt it, just ask yourself these questions.

Is there *nothing* you could learn from Richard Burbidge, the Managing Director of Harrod's Stores, from John Cansfield, the Managing Director of Lipton, Ltd.? Could not S. F. Edge, the famous expert in making and selling motor cars, help you to solve any of your problems? Would you not be glad to be able to go for advice to A. W. Gamage, who built his business from a little one-man shop to its present huge dimensions? Or to John Lawrie, Managing Director of William Whiteley, Ltd.? Or to Sir Joseph Lyons? Yet all these men have helped to compile the "Business Encyclopædia," and they are only a few names taken at random from the wonderful list of contributors, who, between them, deal with every subject that could occur in business life to-day. The "Business Encyclopædia" is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work. Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Will you risk losing this opportunity of hearing about such a valuable work without any cost?

Two Opinions.

Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd, Bristol:—

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

A Cashier's Opinion—Mr. L. C. HORSLEY, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:—

"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

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ADVANTAGES FROM THE BUSINESS MAN'S STANDPOINT.

It is not in many trades or professions that a man can ... to the same time-table every day, for the labours of ... differ a little. It is, however, possible to make out ... e-table for each separate day, and the five or ... s occupied in thus arranging the day's work is ... spent.

... workers have plenty to do during their hours of ... work, and it is not to be supposed that the making of a time-table will lessen the amount of work to be done; all it can do is to apportion that work more suitably throughout the hour. In this way you finish the work comfortably when six o'clock approaches, or whatever may be your hour for ... cking off.

A very good plan is to jot down the separate hours on a ... of paper, and mark opposite them the several duties ... should be done during these hours. Places should also ... ted to the various miscellaneous items that have to ... ve your attention not at any special hour, but some time ... ring the ...

... lunch time arrives you can then see at a glance— ... will have struck off each item from your paper as it ... en completed—whether you are, so far, up to time. ... any of the duties planned have not been accomplished, ... will have to be got through in the afternoon, and it is ... er to add them on to the work in the first two or three ... urs than to the later ones.

I do not think that a man can satisfactorily transact ... siness in an entirely mechanical manner, for he must keep ... alive to all the things demanding attention, and he ... ot rely upon diaries, memoranda, or time-tables alto- ... ber, but such things unquestionably have their proper ... e in the mechanism of business, and they relieve the ... nd considerably by saving it the task of remembering ... ner details which can be just as well kept before the notice ... of paper.

F. EASTLEIGH.

FINANCE.

In this section we place at the service of our readers the ... of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly under- ... however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions ... may express.—EDITOR.)

THE MID-SEPTEMBER ACCOUNT.

... account recently concluded (Mid-September) has ... n one of the most trying experienced by the Stock Ex- ... change for a long time past, values showing a serious ... rinkage over and above that which took place during the ... revious disastrous account; and the fact that all difficulties ... e surmounted with the declaration of only one small ... ure redounds greatly to the credit of that institution.

It is, of course, an open secret that many brokers have ... a "draught," owing to the failure of clients to provide ... ir differences, and that a forcible closure had to be ... plied in various instances, but the stock thus thrown over ... s more or less readily absorbed, and with the greatly ... proved political outlook which is prevalent at the time ... writing, it would appear that a bad corner has been ... ssfully turned; and failing any further acute trouble ... the Continental bourses, a way has been paved for the ... mmencement of the long expected autumn "boom."

AMERICANS.

... this department there are signs that banking and ... ntial financial firms are of opinion that the present ... el of prices is sufficiently low to warrant them in extend- ... pport to the market. Consequently it now appears ... the most profitable form of speculation would be to ... dulge in a mild "bull" operation. But I should advise ... treme caution in such dealings, never to get out of depth ... having too much stock open, and to be satisfied with ... ate profits.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

I am still of opinion that Trunk Thirds form a good medium for investment, either for a "long shot" or to secure quick profits.

Canadian Pacifics have risen smartly, but I do not consider the improvement justified, and still look for lower prices in these shares.

Mexican Rails should not be lost sight of, and the Second Preference bought on any reactions.

HOME RAILS.

This market should not be overlooked by those in search of genuine investments, as the increased dividend-earning power of the principal railways must—barring any further spread of labour troubles, which at the moment does not appear likely—tend towards higher quotations in the near future.

RUBBER AND OIL.

These markets are at last shaking off their lethargy, and a movement—not perhaps quite to the "boom" point, but to a period of healthy activity—seems at least probable.

MINES.

These have taken part in the general revival, but the amount of public buying has not been large; and I fail to see where the support necessary for a permanent improvement is coming from.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E. R. (Dowlais).—I have but a poor opinion of your list, and think that, with, perhaps, the exception of the last item, you would do well to realise the lot.

"MODERN" (Swindon).—In my opinion the company to which you refer is greatly over-capitalised, and I do not advise a purchase.

O. H. (Goole).—I advise you to hold.

P. B. (Louth).—Have nothing to do with the proposition; there is no possible chance of its turning out successfully.

T. D. (Kingskerswell).—The contract is perfectly in order.

D. R. (Merthyr Tydvil).—There is no authorised scale of commissions.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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SPORTING STORIES

BRIBING THE FORCE.

The magistrate was no lover of motors and motorists, and he cross-examined the man before him very severely.

"Now," he said, "tell me, did you on one occasion give half-a-sovereign to a policeman?"

"I did," said the defendant.

Tremendous sensation in court.

"Why did you give the policeman half-a-sovereign?" continued the magistrate pitilessly.

"I gave it to him," said the defendant, "because he happened to be our servant's favourite bobby, and I gave it on condition that he should try to persuade her not to leave us.

THE SILENT MAN.

"Is the new cashier married, do you know?" asked the first clerk.

"I don't know," replied the second. "He's one of the sort of men who keep their troubles to themselves."

THE LIMIT OF LAZINESS.

A tramp slowly extracted a match from his pocket and placed the tip of it against the iron tyre of a dog-cart which was standing beside the kerbstone. Then he waited.

"My man," said the driver of the dog-cart, "what are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting till you move on," replied the tramp, "so as to strike this match and give me a light."

RETALIATION.

He was the latest Hamlet, and the people in the gallery were showing what they thought of his acting by making him offerings of eggs, which were neither "new laid," nor "fresh," nor "selected," but just eggs. If they had been wine they would have been excellent for their bouquet, for they were very old, but they were not wine but only eggs.

He stood it as long as he was going to, and then he thrust his hand in the pocket of his doublet, and drew forth an egg even older than those which had broken on the stage around him, and cast it towards the gallery with unerring aim. It hit a pillar, and its contents bespattered some twenty of the audience seated around.

"This," he said, in his best tragic tone, "is a game that two can play at!"

COPYING REAL LIFE.

"My child," said the mother to her little daughter, "why are you making that horrible noise? Understand that I won't have the fire-irons dashed about and the chairs upset. You ought to sit quietly, like your little brother. See how still and good he is."

"Of course, he is," said the little girl. "That's part of the game. We're playing at being husband and wife when the husband comes home late. He's pa and I'm you."

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85, Hope Stores, Rye.

QUALITIES IT DEMANDS.

" Soccer " half-back corresponds to the " Rugger " hich is to say that he is the hardest worked man on l.

the centre forward has his spells of inactivity, as mple, when the enemy are keeping up a hot attack. do little then save hang about in the hope of one de driving the ball out to him.

full backs have their " breathers " when their s take charge of the game, while there are times e goalkeeper can afford to take up a more or less attitude against a post, and condescend to reply to pliments or chaff of his friends or critics.

whether the game is going for or against their side, no rest for the halves, or, at least, none for the alf, and mighty little for his wingers. Whether in r defence, they must nearly always be on the alert move.

ND HEIGHT.

iina, therefore, is the first requisite of a half-back, a rule men of middle-height, or even well below it, in the position.

ourse, there are exceptions. The Rev. K. R. G. s one, for I imagine he tops six foot by at least a f inches. Still, as a general law, moderately tall quite short men like the famous Wedlock make the ves.

e next place, the half-back should be an all-rounder. d not be a very powerful kick, but he must be able with great accuracy, without an instant's delay, y angle and from any position, including standing ead.

le his main duty is to feed his forwards, he must be dribble on occasion, and, above all, he must be a d powerful shot.

ball often comes out to a half from a corner kick élée round goal, and it is then that he must be able aneously to send in a " pile-driver."

TIES.

b " Hawkes, of Luton, is especially dangerous st, rising shots from about thirty yards range, olin Veitch, late of Newcastle, is a half whom it is dangerous to leave unmarked anywhere near goal. often the half's duty to take free or corner kicks, should be an adept at placing the ball from such nities.

wing halves do the throwing in from touch, and ould be clever at feinting, so as to deceive the enemy their real intentions and also at such dodges as g the ball against the legs of one of their own then taking it in the rebound.

half back should be sturdy and hard as nails, for t be ready to charge and to stand being charged y by bigger men than himself.

must be a skilful and resolute tackler, and, while peed is not an essential, the faster he is the better, he can overtake the forward who has " slipped "

must be particularly clever at " heading," for he d quite as many passes to his forwards as he will th his foot.

dwick, the old Everton and International half, was ously skilful in heading accurate and quite long o his forwards.

lly, the half-back must not only use his head, but for in no place is coolness more essential than in -back line.

am may stave off defeat or even snatch a victory s forwards or its backs have gone to pieces, but the best of sides is practically helpless if the half-back line breaks down or gets rattled.

The forwards can do nothing except wait in vain for the passes that do not come, or if they do come go wide or fly straight to the opponents' backs.

The backs are up a tree, for the enemy's forwards, not being properly held, are on top of them all the time, and they are continually being hustled and hurried, with the result that the goal-keeper behind them is kept dancing about like an earwig in a fit.

Then it is mainly for the halves to open out the game, or keep it close, and if their tactics are wrong their defeat is almost inevitable.

Altogether the half-back must be something of a playing paragon. No wonder, therefore, that the demand for good halves greatly exceeds the supply.

A. FALK.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE LAST STRAW.

Week by week has seen the gradual disappearance of the summer straw and the return of the bowler. Presently the time will come when a man wearing a straw hat will be conspicuous. It seems strange, but it is the fact, that for certain months everybody appears to wear straw hats—one is almost out of it wearing anything else—and then suddenly there comes the cold weather, when the straw hat is altogether out of place.

I often wonder which man is actually the first to don the straw hat each season and which is the last to lay it aside. Courageous people they must be, but with rather unorthodox taste in the matter of dress, for the well-dressed man dislikes, above all things, to be conspicuous by his clothes.

In giving up the straw and taking to the bowler, there is at least one consolation—namely, that the bowler sticks on to the head much better than the straw hat does, and moreover, it is not appreciably heavier than the other, and, being softer, is usually more comfortable.

AUTUMN OVERCOATS.

There will be no drastic change this autumn or winter in the style of overcoats.

The exaggerated type of frock-overcoat, with a very tight waist and a very full skirt, will not be seen this season, but a modification of it, with a fairly close waist and a moderate skirt, will be the popular thing for wearing with a silk hat.

For business wear, a black or a dark blue overcoat with a velvet collar is extremely useful; while for travelling, driving, and so forth, nothing can beat a good roomy coat, cut after the fashion of the cavalryman's cloak, with an inverted box pleat at the back and plenty of room in the skirt.

MATCHING YOUR GAITERS.

Talking of overcoats, reminds me that if you contemplate wearing leggings with them, as many men do in the winter time, you should select a colour that will harmonise with the colour of your leggings.

A grey coat, whether light or dark in shade, looks very well with black gaiters, but does not look so well with brown.

A brown or fawn coat, on the other hand, goes splendidly with brown gaiters, but clashes with black.

It is a small point, but one that may be of interest to sporting readers.

GREASY COAT COLLARS.

In these days when men wear their hair long and some sort of dressing for it is a necessity, the coat collars have a tendency to become discoloured, owing to a little grease getting on them from the hair and the dust consequently sticking.

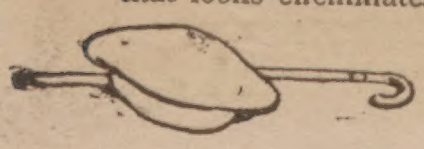
A greasy coat collar looks very untidy. It can be put to rights by sponging it with benzine, but the simplest way is to clean it with a rag and ordinary soap and water. This will remove the grease and the dust and greatly improve the appearance of the suit.

THE HAIR AT THE BACK.

Talking of a man's hair, I might mention the need for getting it trim at the back.

The fashion still continues of wearing the hair fairly long, so far as the top is concerned, but that at the sides and at the back should always be kept short if you want your appearance to be smart.

If your hair is curly, you should not wear it long, as that looks effeminate.



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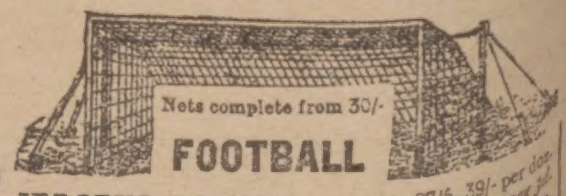

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

TOO MANY CLOTHES.

With the approach of the colder weather men will begin once more to overload themselves with clothes.

To maintain the heat of the body one must put on a reasonable amount of clothing, but anything beyond what is necessary prevents free access of air to the skin and militates against the health.

In selecting cloth for a lounge suit for the present time, I should advise you not to go in for a very heavy material, but to choose something of medium weight, which will be useful to you at other times as well as on the coldest days.

As for underclothing, that of medium weight is best. If the day is very cold, you can put on two undervests instead of one, and science proves that two garments are warmer than one of equal weight, owing to the layer of air contained between them.

OVER-DRESSED.

Even the street urchin can tell when a man is over-dressed, although, poor little chap, his own practical knowledge of good dressing does not reach even the elementary point of personal cleanliness.

The other day I saw a man who was much over-dressed. This is a description of his costume: A lounge suit of a light slatish colour, a cream vest, a bright green tie, a bright blue shirt, a green Homburg hat, pink socks, brown brogue shoes and brown gloves.

He gave you the impression of "having 'em all on."

Now, with that same suit, if he had been wearing black shoes, dark blue or black socks, slate gloves, a black or a blue tie and a black bowler, with preferably a vest the same colour as the rest of the suit, he would have been quite well dressed.

The essence of being over-dressed seems to lie in having good clothes but putting them on in such a way that each part of the costume clashes with the rest.

AN OPEN LETTER

to the Members of "The Modern Man" League.

Gentlemen,

Would you not like your clothes always to look and hang as well as they did when they first came home new from your tailor? It is easy to manage this.

Clothes that have only been worn a few weeks often show the knees of the trousers already baggy, the clean dead-crease down the centre gone, the waistcoat puckered, the fronts of the coat out of their correct shape, and the sleeves full of wrinkles. The Suit is still new, but it looks old already.

This can be cured. It is not the fault of the material, or of any want of care on the part of your tailor. It's simply due to the fact that the suit has been squeezed out of shape by your weight. It could be brought back to its correct shape by our original process. This is what we are here to do. We can make the shape of any suit as good as new. We are practical tailors, not mere dyers and cleaners.

Our Wonderful Tailor-pressing, Cleaning, and Repairing process enables you to step into practically a new suit.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat that is out of shape, or turned shiny in places?

Let us take out the dust, the stains and grease spots, thoroughly repair it, rework the buttonholes, replace missing buttons, &c.

Carefully tailor-press to its original shape and send it back to you looking and hanging as well as when it first came home new from your tailor.

Send your shabby suit or overcoat along to-day with P.O. 3s. 9d. We will return it within three days, carriage paid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result **your money will be returned in full.**

Yours faithfully,

The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.,

Chief Offices and Works,

34, 36, 38 & 40, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, LONDON, N.W.

Tel.: North 2882 (2 lines).

P.S.—If you have a friend who has had a suit treated by us, and will ask him if he is pleased with what we have done for his clothes, we have not a moment's doubt as to the answer.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. W. (New Brompton) says, with regard to Mr. David Cooper's article, that men who leave their trade unions are "fit only to be classed with black-legs, who, in my opinion, are the lowest and meanest of human scum." This is typical of one style of argument.

H. LINLEY (25, Barry Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.) wishes to join a football club in his district. Perhaps local secretaries will communicate with him.

"PARNASSUS" (Edinburgh).—There is no way of overcoming the blueness which shows itself on the cheeks of a dark man. The only thing you can do is to shave every day and shave closely. The blueness is due to the roots of the hairs showing through the skin. Some men apply powder after shaving, but that does not look well on a man's face.

N. W. (Levenshulme).—Probably the quartermaster was to some extent responsible for the inferior quality of the rations, but if orderly officers did their duty thoroughly there would be no danger of the men getting bad food.

J. DEAN (70, High Chester Street, Ayresome Park, Middlesbrough) wishes to correspond with a member of the Darlington troop of the Northumberland Hussars.

C. H. (Camden Town).—There are many places where you can obtain men's corsets. Your tailor can probably recommend a firm.

R. D. G. (Thetford) tells us with reference to our recent article, "The New Tyranny," that, while on holiday at the seaside, he was pestered by an urchin demanding a cigarette picture, and invited his tormentor to go to a climate which is supposed to be considerably hotter than 90deg. in the shade. To his disgust, however, the youngster bolted across the street to a waiting pal and shouted, so that all the passers-by could hear, "I say, Bill, see that there bloke? He told me to go to ——" Well, the place to which our reader told him to go, and R. D. G., of Thetford, fled down a side street.

T. R. F. (Harrogate).—You can plant your bush roses any time between now and the end of November. Do not prune them till March, when they should be cut down to within eighteen inches or two feet of the ground.

R. M. (Belfast).—Comparatively few Yeomanry regiments now carry the sword, but the "King's Own" is one of them. The "Yorkshire Dragoons" also have this privilege.

B. L. (Halesowen).—As you do not make copies of your letters, use a record ribbon on your typewriter instead of a copying one, as the ink of a record ribbon does not come off on the fingers.

E. A. H. (Walthamstow).—It is never satisfactory to buy a grown dog, for his previous owner will have taught him many habits that will not be to your liking. You can get a good fox terrier puppy for half-a-guinea or 15s., and he makes an ideal companion.

A. J. (Plymouth).—When you are conducting a lady through a crowd, the correct thing for you to do is to go in front of her, in order to make a passage for her.

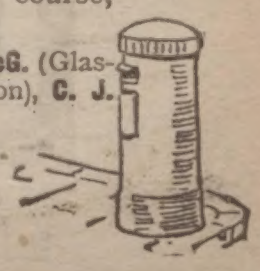
G. A. E. (Fleetwood) informs us that last autumn he bought a quantity of bulbs very cheaply at an auction sale, and the results were very poor. We pass on the warning. Bargains can be had at these sales of bulbs, but not always, by any means.

N. MACPHEE (51, Grenville Street, Toronto) wishes to correspond with J. J. Cumming, Regina, who accompanied him on the voyage to Canada.

W. T. (Selkirk).—The trouble appears to be that the dye has not struck, owing to the polish not having been thoroughly removed from the leather. Scrub the leggings well with soap and warm water until all the polish has been removed, let them dry, and apply the black dye again. Give them three or four coats, allowing each one to dry before applying the next.

O. D. (Poplar).—The recruiting boom has entirely disappeared, and you can now obtain admission to practically any Yeomanry corps you may select, provided, of course, that you are physically fit.

A. H. G. L. (St. John's Wood), **H. A. S.** (Stockport), **R. McG.** (Glasgow), **A. G. H.** (Derby), **W. L. P.** (Plymouth), **F. H.** (Swindon), **C. J.** (Burslem), **E. S. M.** (Drogheda).—Our salaams to you.



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Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
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Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

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